

July 4, 1978

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ESQUIRE

F O R T N I G H T L Y

Autos De Luxe **A Return to Classic Luxury**



The Man Who Has Jimmy Carter in His Hip Pocket, by Steven Brill
A New Short Story, by Arthur Miller



If you want jeans as great as Steve Cauthen's, remember what his horse is wearing.

When Steve Cauthen is out of silk, he's into DICKIES. You can be, too. Just remember to look for the horseshoe on the DICKIES label, and you'll be getting the best two-legged winner in town. Fine fit, fabric, and low prices are affirmed. Made with Fortrel polyester. Williamson-Dickie Apparel Mfg. Company Fort Worth, Texas.



SONY LOWERS THE COST OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

Giving kids a good education these days can cost a small fortune.

But giving them a good sound system to enjoy while they're away no longer has to.

Sony's new CF-500 stereo cassette recorder and FM/AM radio has all the features of systems costing hundreds of dollars more.

Extremely sensitive FM and AM tuning that'll pick up all their favorite stations while they take a break from their least favorite subjects.

An easy one-touch system that not only records notes like this (*W.T.H.I.*) but also notes

like this (*The first exam will cover...*).

A 2-position tape selector switch for both normal and chromium dioxide (CrO₂) to chemistry majors' tapes.

And a unique Matrix stereo speaker system that can turn the quietest dormitory into the liveliest concert hall.

The new CF-500 from Sony.

"IT'S A SONY"

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Meet Ronrico of Puerto Rico.

Who is he?
He's the descendant of 6 generations of
Puerto Rican rum-masters (since 1860).
And he's no ordinary rum.
He's smooth. Light in manner. A good
mixer. And—more.

Down deep. In fact, where 100 years of
Puerto Rican rum-masters (since 1860) of
decades of a distilling—and perfection.
So for authentic rum of Puerto Rico, you
know Ronrico.
A well-bred fellow.

ESQUIRE

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EYES OF LAURA MARS

WATCH FOR IT THIS SUMMER

"How to shut out Athlete's Foot."

by Jan Palusz



"When I use Dr. Scholl's Solvex® Athlete's Foot Products, my athlete's foot doesn't even get to first base!"

If you see it starting up, just apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex Cream or Athlete's Foot Spray. Solvex kills fungi on contact. Helps control the itching, peeling and other irritations of athlete's foot.

Of course, a good defense

against athlete's foot is applications of Dr. Scholl's Solvex Athlete's Foot Powder. It absorbs the moisture where fungus grows and helps prevent re-infection.

"I always keep Dr. Scholl's Solvex handy now. Jeff's face it, a ball player depends on his feet. And who knows more about feet than Dr. Scholl's?"



Dr. Scholl's

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Backstage with Esquire

Stalking Dean Martin

Jack Richardson once wrote a tawdry article for Esquire (December 1963) describing how he did not get an interview with Eddie Fisher. That piece has become something of a classic, and its methods have been used by other writers faced with recalcitrant celebrities. Joan Valley insists the smug in her article on page 61, after all, she did get an interview, sort of, with Dean Martin. But even getting into the presence of the singer was no cake, as this passage from Valley's notebooks indicates:



Joan Valley

I call NBC. The plan is set. I will fly to Vegas, spend the night, watch the taping of a roast, and maybe get a crack at Martin. I check back with NBC the day before I am to leave. My contact at the network has come down with the flu and has neglected to tell anyone about me. I ask his secretary for his home phone number. She refuses to give it out. Then would you call him and ask him to call me? No, the direct think that would be a good idea. Who there anyone else there I could talk to? She puts me on hold. No wonder NBC is number three. Call Martin. Vaser in Las Vegas. I call Vaser. Martin's agent. Mico. Mico. He doesn't return my calls. Sooner or later I find for Las Vegas and the MGM Grand. I stand in the registration line on the off chance they might have my reservation, but they have never heard of me, the hotel is booked solid. I walk out the house phones, call Vaser every five minutes. I call the show's producer, Greg Garrison. I call Dean Martin. I have them all paged. It is show time, and the line is front of the Ziegfeld Room. Look like the line in front of Penny Park the year the Red Sox made it to the Series. A voice in the crowd says that there are no more tickets to be had. I push and shove my way to the head of the line—after all, what would Woodward and Bernstein do? An official looking man stops me. Dean Martin arranged for my tickets. I try to explain. I am doing a story, etc., etc., etc. He turns his back, and I hear the velvet rope not open inside. I find a seat at the press table.

Journalism, it would seem, is just athletics. —B.E.



Now, the Mazda RX-7



If not this time, when?

The MG-TC in 1947. Towed caps and springback glows. The Vette in 1953. Easing into the driveway with the top laid back. The 240-Z in 1970. Make it down to Mazda at 6,500 on the tack. Those were cars that made you feel different about driving. They don't come along very often. But now there's the 1979 Mazda RX-7.

It's performance: 0 to 50 in 4.2 seconds with the smooth power of Mazda's latest rotary engine. Sanctioned handling with the impeccable balance of a front and rear engine design.

Yet the RX-7 is civilized, with standard features like AM/FM stereo with power antenna. Quartz clock. Electric rear window defroster and side window defrosters. Tinted glass. Full interior

trimmings, including a combination tach and voltmeter. The GS-Model shows how adds things like 5-speed, power tires, electric remote hatch release, sunshade/blackside band, rear stabilizer and more.

For once in your life, do what you really want to do. How often do you get a chance to own a car you'll remember for the rest of your life?

WARRANTY Mazda warrants that the basic engine block and its internal parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for 3 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first. In Mazda will fix it free. This transferable limited warranty is free on all new rotating-engine Mazda RX-7s sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.

From \$6,395*

GS-Model shown: \$6,995*

The car you've been waiting for is waiting for you.

mazda

*MSRP prices for 5-Speed. For GS Model shown: \$6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. *While alloy wheels shown above \$120 extra. Mazda's rotary engine driven by NSU/RWDOCL.

There are 108 ways the English keep dry with Gordon's.

EVERY DRINK ON THIS PAGE
CAME OUT OF A BOTTLE OF GORDON'S GIN.

Gordon's Gin isn't only made in better material, good gin spirits aren't as hard to find as better gin ingredients. Here are 108 ways to make it the 108 delicious drinks you can make.

Black & Tan 1/2 oz. Gordon's Gin into highball glass over ice. Top with 1/2 oz. Guinness. Stir.

Black & Tan 1/2 oz. Gordon's Gin into 1/2 oz. orange juice. Stir in alcohol glass over ice.

Black & Tan 1/2 oz. Gordon's Gin into 1/2 oz. lemon juice. Stir in alcohol glass over ice.

Black & Tan 1/2 oz. Gordon's Gin into 1/2 oz. lime juice. Stir in alcohol glass over ice.

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too late to study. "This constrains one of the biggest players I have ever heard of in real estate. If you're worried about the people, you won't save these politicians in June. What we're getting ready to do is to bail out the inner cities. The people I represent in a rural area aren't bugging. They want something else about taxes. The reality is Proposition Thirteen in California. If they're not willing to live with it, there's no reason there's no hope for the people of New York."

Kelly talked cool slow. But his timing was good. The New York housing boom in June 1981 in California, they were buying on Proposition 13, the Jerry Brown-backed, asking property taxes by fifty-seven percent. Ed Koch was hoping that if New York did not get the federal loan guarantee, he would have to cut city services—again—and by off thousands of his taxpayers. But by the next week, with the easy passage of the James Aboumar 3,000 miles away, it was obvious that California would be cutting services and laying off employees at the same time. Ed Koch's State Senate was in a bind to let New York City avoid the same thing.

Things did not look good for New York. Things did not look good for New York. The city is physically falling apart—more of it is falling off its feet than it is falling into the water. And the reason Koch needs the money is because for maintenance. There are one million problems in the midcity and the rest of the city. And the reason is that capital funds are so low that the city is in a position of not being able to do anything of any size. And the reason is that the city is in a position of not being able to do anything of any size. And the reason is that the city is in a position of not being able to do anything of any size.

Perhaps New York deserves all that. Maybe that will sell it as an upstart for the old. People who hate New York, I think, have a lot of style. The style, the health, was on display at the Washington bagging—maybe was a word heard in the corridors after the New Yorkers left, and "style" is a euphemism for a lot of things. Those of us who love it, who were lucky or unlucky enough to be born in it, who think that gritty forecast is important, love it, in the end, for that same style. Not everyone wants to have a nice day every day.

The big is that of New York falls apart, we'll be everywhere, communicating America's new days. For \$1 billion—not in cash, just in loan guarantee—we can be kept together, sort of. Like a National Park, as Ed Koch says. People can come and listen to Ed Koch's Carrolls one hour and watch that Mayhew one—they don't mean any harm at all in a native district. There have a few cars.

Full Disclosure

The French Connection

Morgan gambles millions that Renault can bail out sick American Motors

by Dan Dorfman

This is a tale of millions being bet on what may be another of Wall Street's perennial pipe dreams.

For the past several years, apostrophe American Motors Corporation, the 100th number one among the auto industry's producers, has deployed all the get-up-and-go of an impending obituary cross. For a would-be corpse, though, a real-life version of Jack Benny's Maxwell, it is hardly adhering to the death scene. Recently, the shares of the \$2.2 billion auto producer have soared in the marketplace, jumping over 35 percent in the past seven weeks to a two-year high of \$40 on rapidly rising trading volume. And for reasons seldom and seldom said by the Morgan Guaranty Trust, an influential and trend-setting force in the investment field, Morgan, it is learned, has bought over a million AMC shares in recent months.

After rising steadily, Wall Street's view of the earnings explosion—a boom in 85 a share in 1983 profits—over the next two to three years. Aggressively pushing the AMC insurance story are two brokerage firms, with considerable investment clout: Goldman Sachs, in particular, and Standard & Benet. It is no wonder, then, that a growing number of imprudent investors are ready to believe that the seventy-six-year-old AMC, a company that has been in the business for 100 years, has an excellent chance of recovery.

Such a view has been given a good deal of credence, it is said, by the fact that some Wall Streeters, as a result of a group of allusions between AMC and Renault, the giant French auto maker. The two companies are presently discussing out an agreement that would include joint distribution in the U.S. and Canada, cross-manufacture of one or more Renault cars in AMC assembly plants, sale of AMC trucks through Renault dealers in selected international markets, and stepped-up deposits of Renault's subcompact "Le Car" to the U.S. for sale through AMC and Renault dealers.

Put it all together and the analyst's estimate—which assigns a good value price—run \$1 to \$1.25 a share price from previous price. \$2.75 to \$3.25 a share from Japco, and \$4 cents from other company estimates. The bottom line, as it were, is \$4.95 to \$5.25 a share price, or \$2.50 to \$2.75 net.

Das Deutsche reports on the business and financial world in each issue.



The subcompact Renault Le Car. Is this the AMC dream car of the future?

chronic market overboard, and give AMC access to important front-wheel-drive technology. Another plus it would provide AMC with sufficient and much needed cash flow—currently being paid up by the unprofitable passenger car business—to develop new and acceptable products. In brief, as one analyst bluntly lays it out: "The Renault deal could save AMC's car by making them to stay in the passenger car business, a hemorrhaging AMC operation that in fiscal 1977 turned in an estimated pre-tax loss of about \$90 million."

One leading auto analyst estimated the proposed deal and some present packaging. His calculations include AMC's plans to expand its booming Jeep business by about 90,000 units a year, also the continuing introduction of AMC's two-passenger business in new plant production, presently covers two plants. Another of his assumptions—a highly big one—is that AMC will be successful in its efforts to obtain a government-backed loan guarantee for some \$100 million in financing. This money would be used to help to bail out the ailing AMC in the U.S. of the five passenger Renault 12 car, which would be sold here by AMC and Renault dealers.

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It all sounds wonderful—which is what Morgan's buying spree and Wall Street dream are all about. But one should not ignore the abundance of overpricing reports. There has been no dividend since 1974. The company will incur write-offs from plans to ditch the Maxima, and a may well scrap the Gemini as well, leading to additional write-offs. Instead, they could purchase an \$11 a share. Some investors also don't rule out possible bankruptcy of AMC. But to get the loan guarantee (which could kill the Renault deal). Further, there could be a surplus of front-wheel drive products, increasing any sales impact for Le Car. And Jeep cooperation will surely intensify. But even if everything goes right, who is to say this AMC won't suffer—and suffer badly—in the event of some non-renewal of the deal, and significant business slump develops in 1979.

After waiting for AMC's next p.p., staff. I got to chat for a while with company boss Gerald C. Meyer. He made one thing clear right off the bat—no merger with Renault. "We're keeping clear of each other from an investment standpoint. We're our own independent company." In other words, a working relationship, but no take-over of AMC. A sixteen-year veteran of AMC who became its president in June of 1977 and chief executive last October, Meyer told me he was running smoothly with Renault and that he expected a first step toward the next one. But what happens if AMC doesn't get that

GORDON'S GIN, LARGEST SELLER IN ENGLAND, AMERICA, THE WORLD

Divorce, Florida Style

A legal secretary can do them for \$50, but the local bar is out to break her

For couples who want no uncontested divorce, with no fights over custody or child custody, Florida has one of the simplest laws in the country. You fill out some papers, go to court, ask the judge for a divorce, have your wife present and agreeable or show that you've served notice on him or her of what you're doing, and here comes twenty days' rest for you to begin a new life for six months. Peace, you're single.

Then, if you can pay a lawyer the \$300 to \$500 that most charge to fill out all the papers and go to court with you.

Three years ago, thirty-seven-year-old Jacksonville secretary named Rosemary Furman changed the economics involved. Furman, a legal stenographer with nearly thirty years' experience, had been involved in women's movement groups in Jacksonville. One problem she says she saw was that women who were being attacked by husbands were unable to escape via divorce because they couldn't afford to pay lawyers, and the cost to get free legal aid was too long. "So I told them I'd help them draw up the papers for a divorce and for an immediate restraining order against the husband," Furman explains. "Well, I'd been doing divorce papers for years and years for lawyers. Why couldn't I do it for others?" Soon Furman established a sort of \$50. What word of mouth about her business did it—yourself divorce service spread, rapidly.

At first, Furman, her Northside Jacksonville Service now handles as many as twenty divorces in a really good week. In addition to her regular stenography and typing service. Except for the behind-the-scenes, virtually all of these are new uncontested.

For \$50, Furman doesn't just fill out papers. She tells her "clients," who seem to go on to the courthouse to file them, what to say to the clerk, what the judge's chambers is, which they'll be appearing will look like (she does a stretch) where they should stand and what the other people there will be, how to address the judge, what to stand and where to sit, and



ROSEMARY FURMAN, 35, JAVELINA secretary

what to ask the witness they bring to attest to their readiness in the state.

Another point of the American free enterprise system? Jacksonville lawyers don't think so. Since March 1977 the Florida State Bar Association, at the behest of the local bar group, has been in court trying to force Furman out of the divorce business. They charge that she is guilty of violating the "unauthorized practice of law" statute that prohibits anyone other than licensed lawyers from engaging "in any way" in the practice of law. After much procedural huckstering and delay, the first hearing in the case will be on July 18.

As in many states, in Florida the state supreme court is responsible for enforcing the prohibition against unauthorized practice. The court, in turn, assigns to the bar association itself the work of investigating cases and bringing them to the court for action. In the past year, the Florida State Bar Association spent

some \$96,000 for a staff attorney and four investigators to look into UPL cases, as they are commonly called. About 160 cases were investigated, including a number of notary publics who issued all kinds of licenses with plenty of advice about citizenship applications.

The point of all this is that lawyers give people important advice. To do so, they should have a license ensuring that they have demonstrated certain standards of skill and character. Then, people with lawyer's licenses will have a monopoly on the sale of certain kinds of services—defending criminals or writing wills, for example.

The problem is that giving lawyers, through their bar associations, the authority to investigate encroachments on their own turf tends to be almost conflict of interest; lawyers define the limits of their own monopoly.

It's no different for Rosemary Furman, an local-impact notary public, lawyer to divorce. "Furmaned." That's why they say I'm practicing law," she claims. "The bar is overcrowded and as hungry as vultures. They're furious when anybody encroaches their turf. They say a secretary can't do this—and they say the word like I'm a lawyer. They're because every divorce I do for fifty dollars I take three or four hundred away from one of them." You see, lawyers get their strength from the needs of society when people couldn't stand or write, and they're still trying to hold on.

Within attitudes like that, the first problem Furman had when she bar association came after her last year was finding a you-know-what to defend her. No local lawyer would take the case. Unable to find help locally, Furman wrote to disbarbers all around the country. Her letter to Ralph Nader ended up on the desk of Alvin Morrison, who runs Nader's Public Citizen Group in Washington. Morrison had signed the case in the Supreme Court, but allowed lawyers to advertise. He is also involved in a Furman-like case in Virginia over whether salesmen can do life vendees. Naturally, the Furman case interested him. Looking for local help, he contacted Alvin Hinder, who

—Continued on page 18

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Not in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar with his bare knee. Crush a silver snuff with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfeschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Russian Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfeschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfeschmidt
Genuine Vodka



Introducing sheer pleasure.

It's called Sapporo. And you've never seen anything quite like it before. It's an intriguing concept, so you decide to explore it further.

You like Sapporo's sophisticated styling. It looks like everything... you'd be sold. But you're pragmatic enough to ask: How does it feel? How does it go?

When you pop open the hood, you find Chrysler's exclusive Street Shift engine, one of the smoothest and quietest 4-cylinder engines available anywhere. And you learn about innovations like Sapporo's new MCA Jet System... an air injection system that gives you great mileage and great performance.

Okay, so you're almost convinced. **40** **29** MPG
But you're going to spend a lot of time in your car. And if it doesn't feel right, it's just not going to be your car.

As you settle in behind the wheel, you appreciate Sapporo's reclining buckets with adjustable lumbar supports and concealed adjustable headrests. After all, you shouldn't have to adjust to a car; it should adjust to you.

There are other touches like full instrumentation, forced air ventilation, the convenience and security of an inside deck release, and an overhead console with digital clock.

Sapporo from Plymouth. It feels good. It looks good. And it goes. Oh, how it goes.

Now there's just one more thing you need. You need some open road. 'Cause there's no way to appreciate sheer pleasure when it's standing still. Buy or lease at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.



MPG estimates based on Sapporo's 1600 cc engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may vary depending on your driving habits, your car's condition, and its optional equipment. California mileage laws.

Sapporo

The sophisticated new car from Plymouth.

Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
100's 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

but just set up a public interest law group in Florida called Southern Legal Counsel. Husted and Morrison plan to argue that a pro-life Farmer's opposition would illegally infringe on her civil liberties' rights, to appease themselves and on Farmer's free speech and other constitutional rights. Besides, the Florida Bar Association has declared in its own journal that no UPL law can be passed that strips the alleged unbalanced practitioners that harmed the public. Farmer's lawyers say that no one has ever claimed to have been harmed by Farmer's work, and even the denunciations of Farmer's claims taken by the Florida bar's lawyers indicate no customer satisfaction.

It's obvious that people are harmed by this," says Miami lawyer R. Layton Monk, who chairs the state bar's UPL committee. The bar's formal complaint cites specific customers including Farm-asian (now daughter) who she has believed were harmed by Farmer's bad advice, even though the customers don't think so. But Monk says the state is more concerned. "You see, people will come in to see this gal, and they'll tell her what they want. But she doesn't know enough to tell them that they may be foregoing blood security rights that they could keep if they stayed married. She doesn't probe and ask them about their will or about other problems. And after they'll come in and just say they want a divorce and she'll tell them what kind of alimony to ask for. She's not qualified for that. I know it's difficult to criticize a lay person," he adds, "that the UPL program is not designed solely to protect lawyers. But the fact is, its purpose is only to protect the public."

Although a state bar investigator has sworn in a deposition that Farmer gave him advice on child custody rights when he posed as a potential customer, Farmer and her lawyers deny that she advises people on what to do for. Even if she does, it all boils down to the same problem: there's no doubt that Farmer—whether by not asking questions that a lawyer would ask and not informing people of possible rights that thorough lawyer might explore or by simply providing advice that she's not trained to give—is giving "advice" less than they could expect from a competent licensed lawyer.

"That might be a good argument," Morrison says, "if that hypothetical 'thorough, competent' lawyer you're describing always existed. Besides," the Nider group lawyer adds—in an intentionally un-Nichols-like approach to contentious activity—"should the consumer in the marketplace be allowed to decide what quality he or she wants to pay for?" Asked what kind of service people like Farmer should not be able to offer the marketplace, Morrison concluded: "She ought to be just about anything she wants,

If Farman wins her case, it could be another big step toward demystifying the practice of law.

as long as there's full disclosure that she's not a lawyer."

"There has to be policing," says the Florida bar's Monk. "You just can't let any gal who wants to start giving this kind of advice do it." Monk, however, claims that Farmer's case is not all that significant, because of a similar case recently decided by the Florida Supreme Court. Involving a woman in Ocala who received her marital services after Farmer had been prosecuted first. In that case, the court ruled that the woman could continue to self-represent before her previous wedding a divorce, that she could type or a divorce petition based on what they filed as on the forms, and that she could even provide written instructions about how to fill out the forms. However, she could not provide oral instructions, nor that would be "legal advice." Monk says the bar is asking for a new hearing because of the decision allowing written instructions, but that the prohibition on oral instruction is a "good thing" and that it will be decisive against Rosemary Rosemary's in real-world practice, but she doesn't have a chance.

Morrison says eliminating any oral instructions is "unconstitutional—it just protects lawyers," but that this other case isn't controlling because, ironically, the woman did not have a lawyer to represent her and therefore "didn't raise the constitutional arguments that we will." The Farmer case, he says, is bound for the

Supreme Court as a major test case.

The Justice Department is also involved in what happens to Mrs. Farmer. According to a top lawyer in the assistant attorney general's office, it is mobilization of the lawyer's monopoly to perform services like these. The problem is figuring out a way to cure the evils of the monopoly but still protect people. One similar solution comes from an unlikely source: a Florida lawyer who's a former president of the American Bar Association. According to Chesterfield Smith, who presided over the ABA from 1973 to 1974, "Most issues, even if positive issues arouse emotion in the bar because there's an economic interest at stake. But if we let a person with no skill be his own attorney, why not let someone with some skill help him?"

"Sure, there's a potential problem," the former ABA president adds, "but there's a way that can be policed. In these cases the judge can be more than just an umpire between two adversaries. He can probe to make sure nobody is suffering a loss of rights. This is why with routine divorces I have generally felt some type of simple administrative device [with a hearing officer who does nothing] rather than a courtroom adversary proceeding might be a more effective way to handle it."

Secretaries doing divorces for fifty bucks? Judges doing more than umpire? Abandoning the adversary system in some cases? Administrative devices instead of court cases?

Like lawyer advice being or legal advice putting people well or divorces in car sales (local ethics committee with Farmer do divorces for as little as \$180), these monstrosities or horrors, dependent on your perspective, have one thing in common: Each would help demystify this law. Which any make it harder in the next decade for those lawyers who have relied on mystery, instead of the marketplace, to make a living.

Briefs

Short Stuff for Green's Detracting

The California Supreme Court has ruled that a passenger who was paralyzed when the car he was riding in crashed has a right to sue a host who poured the car's driver too much alcohol in a party just before the accident. One who serves alcoholic beverages under circumstances which create a reasonably foreseeable risk of harm to others fails to exercise reasonable care, the top court said.

Which Headquarters for CBS?

In the wake of the Justice Department's announcement that it is suing CBS for network violations in connection with its purchase of Fawcett Publications, it's said that Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering is

Washington expects to get the case, the bills for which could run into the millions if there's no settlement. After M. Wilmer, Cutler handled the pre-law suit antitrust investigation. But the conflict in New York's Crossfield, Swann & Moore is that they have the case. They're already handling CBS's New York-based work and the general staff, perhaps trying to help New York's economy by sending the only some legal work, close to file the big antitrust suit in the Big Apple.

"I haven't decided," says CBS's new general counsel, James Parker. "It's a hard one. It just seems to go with Wilmer & Cutler. But if it turns up, I guess I'll have to sue Crossfield since they're here in New York."

"We're all waiting to hear from Parker," says one Wilmer, Cutler lawyer. ☐

Never Get Sick in July

The July 1 influx of interns makes most hospitals hazardous to your health

On Harvard Medical School professor's course has students to stay home—or to die—on the Fourth of July. He fears he will become one of the holiday's highway casualties and wind up in an emergency room with an inexperienced intern "practicing" medicine on him.

Just the mention of July makes medical students, nurses, interns, residents, and "real doctors" roll their eyes. While hospital administrators maintain that nothing is worse than month, members of the medical profession know what happens when the house staff turns over and the interns take over each July 1.

This July 1, more than 12,000 new doctors will invade over 600 hospitals across the country. Within minutes they will be overwhelmed. Just July 1, less than a month after finishing medical school, Dr. John Bauman, then twenty-five, walked into Washington, D.C.'s Walter Reed Army Medical Center, where he was immediately faced with caring for "villains of the sickest people I had ever seen."

Why the patient who arrives in guinea pig form is—or those a.m.—that first day indeed, according to Dr. Ronald K. Lewis Jr., professor and vice-chairman of obstetrics, gynecology, and reproductive sciences at the University of California, San Francisco. "There is no question that patients throughout the country are mistreated during July. Within the next twelve-hour supervision," he adds, "serious errors can be made."

And they are. A study published in the first issue of practice and a little while later on prescription blanks, a golden opportunity to make lots of mistakes. Interns—who are still known to most people by that name, even though they are now officially called first-year residents—have ordered the wrong drug in the wrong dosage to be administered the wrong way at the wrong time to the wrong patient. While minor mistakes are most common, serious errors are the source of hospital horror stories. One intern prescribed an anti-depressant without knowing that it would interact with the patient's previously prescribed anti-



hypertension medication. The patient then experienced a rapid increase in blood pressure and suffered a stroke.

When interns do not know what to do, when they cannot correctly consult *The Washington Manual* (a handbook of medical therapeutics), they can always order tests. The first time one intern attempted to perform a physical biopsy—a fairly difficult procedure—he panicked and the patient's lung. When an acquaintance of mine sat in an emergency room one Friday night in July with what was only an advanced case of the flu, she found herself having a hard time. While serious diagnoses are often necessary to rule out alternative diagnoses, some of the tests are really unnecessary. Interns admit that the mistakes are required only so they can cover themselves in case a resident or attending physician decides to give them the third degree.

Interns' hours only increase their workload. Dr. Jay DeBor, president of the Physicians National Research Association, a Washington-based organization representing 12,000 interns and residents, says that "working conditions directly impact and influence the quality of patients. Admittedly, as busy as we most interns find their abilities compromised." Indeed, their schedules they average 110 hours a week and their salaries (last year they averaged \$13,142) make interns the chief source of cheap labor. No other hospital employee will do so much "hard" work—drawing blood, for instance—on dirty work, such as manually emptying severely constipated patients.

Even private patients feel prey to interns, because many physicians prefer being affiliated with hospitals that have interns to perform their routine duties around the clock. One way to reduce the risk of falling into the hands of an intern is to rely upon a physician in group practice whose partners can provide substitute coverage. Then, too, it probably pays to select a physician who has hospital privileges at the best teaching institution in town. There, at least, you are unlikely to encounter any interns who slept through school. Some medical students admit they do, only the most able students survive the computer-matching process to win the prestigious positions at university hospitals.

It may be reassuring to remember that while vicious nurses joke about scheduling their vacations to start July 1, they monitor interns most carefully and manage to catch many mistakes. Residents bear much more responsibility for supervision and oversight, and Dr. Lawrence Hori, president of the 5,000-member Manhattan-based Committee of Interns and Residents and a resident himself, emphasizes that residents are especially vigilant during July. One of the interns he represents says, "You're watched like a hawk. You have so much support and backup. They're not going to let you kill anybody." So no one who represents emergency medical students should be too in a hurry to be hospitalized in July.

I asked Dr. Baiz whether he also had any advice for someone about to enter a hospital for elective surgery.

"Yes," he said. "Stay away." ♦



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ESQUIRE

The Man with Carter In His Hip Pocket

by Steven Brill

**Case by case,
conservative Attorney
General Griffin Bell
has bobbed
the big decisions.**



With the press, Bell is open and candid.

Last February 14, Attorney General Griffin Bell made an important announcement: the Carter Administration was using CIA treasury termed neither Frank Ruppert to finance his bid nor recover his profits from his book on CIA bungling in Saigon. Conceding that Ruppert had not disclosed CIA secrets, an administration can by a President who outspoke on promises to curb intelligence agencies and encourage government whistle-blowers went to court to gag and take money from a man who blew the whistle on CIA incompetence.

Even more significant, the Carter Administration did not make that decision Griffin Bell did. "I didn't think it was necessary to take it up with him [the President]," Bell explained in a recent interview. In fact, he said, no one at the White House knew what the Ruppert suit said or how before Bell answered it.

When Carter named his friend from Georgia as Attorney General, there was a storm of criticism from those who feared that, even before the Justice Department would be run on the political and personal whims of the President. The overriding worry of Griffin Bell's tenure is that just the opposite has happened. It is Bell who has Carter in his hip pocket. Because Carter trusts Bell so much more than he trusts any other Cabinet member or even any member of his own staff, Bell operates more independently than any Attorney General as recent history.

That unique independence is the source of all the praise and censure heaped by Bell's Justice Department. On the one hand, Bell, remarkably candid and

Confidential: Editor Steven Brill writes regularly for *Esquire* on law and lawyers.

free judge of nonexceptional ability nearly total freedom to make key Justice-related policy decisions as if his agency were a new, separate branch of government.

The Hometown Judge

On the surface, Carter's choice of Bell seemed to be an expediency bid judgment. If he wanted a symbol of the New South, why choose a federal circuit judge (Bell had been on the bench for fifteen years before rising in the spring of 1974) who had a mixed record on civil rights, when there were several other southern federal judges with truly heroic records? Why choose the man who'd written the decision telling Georgia state representatives-elect John Bell that it was unconstitutional for the legislature to bar him from taking his seat because he'd opposed the Vietnam war and the draft—a decision the Supreme Court unanimously overturned? Above all, why choose a judge who, whatever his merits, had been so consistently antagonistic in formulating and expressing them?

Yet to the President about the choice of Bell was a natural. Throughout his political career, and as recently as his May speech in the Los Angeles Bar Association, Carter has consistently shown a country boy's resentment and distrust of lawyers and the law. Lawyers are tools for the rich and powerful, he has often said, who use complicated procedures and intimidating language to hold back the poor and under-privileged. However, in Carter's own life there have always been two exceptions—two big-time lawyers who are friends to be trusted. One is Charles Kirbo, the Adams lawyer who helped Carter when he was elected in the battle against in his first state senate election. The other is Griffin Bell.

Photograph from White House Press

JULY 4, 1977/ESQUIRE 25

Beil, who became a law partner of Kirby in Atlanta, had been a neighbor of Carter's in Atlanta, Georgia, a few miles from Phoenix. Although Beil was a friend of the Carter family, he and Jimmy Carter were never close personally. The relationship was more removed yet more significant than simple friendship. To Carter, Beil was more of an idol than a solicitor. Beil was the lawyer to whom he made it big once before Carter did. Before Carter was a state senator, Beil was a successful lawyer and the chief of staff to Governor James Vandiver. Before Carter was governor, Beil was a trial court judge of appeals judge. "Beil was someone the President always looked up to," explains Philip Jenkins, a young Georgia lawyer who serves as one of Beil's special assistants. "He's a few years older than the President, and yet he's my brother kind of thing."

So when Carter was elected and had to choose an Attorney General to deal with all those laws and lawyers that he was so wary of, Beil was the ideal choice. In January 1977, the judge took over the Justice Department.

A judge's job is to decide, not to tell or to administer or to create but simply to decide. Federal judges, who hold their jobs for life, are accustomed to one case for their decisions. What the judge says goes. Above all, a judge backs up respect reserved for few other figures in public or private life.

Carter Beil's office in Justice is like his old judge's chambers. He wears that crumpled suit and his Judge Beil, and four of his top young personal secretaries were clerks for federal judges, including two who clerked for him. "On most days, I come in the presence of 100 personal staff (the legal books and the Marine aide)," says one assistant, "we stop to discuss with the judge, but we do it indirectly, you know, to take the edge off. You don't just tell him he's in a bad place."

It is not an atmosphere celebrated as being Beil down from the bench. Thus, many visitors find him charming but, in the words of one criminal justice expert interviewed by him for a top job, "I wouldn't talk about anything but himself." All he did was tell old war stories from his days in a judge. Self-appraisals such as his statement to a Washington Star reporter that he has "the best grasp of the job of anyone in modern times" are common. He is his own judge. Beil averages six or seven workdays a month out of town making speeches, mostly to his groups. Most are filled with anecdotes describing his own integrity and sense of justice. He is a pompous, arrogant, conceited man who sees his residence now as the world, not just the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals courtroom.

Judges are not accustomed to criticism. "The Senate hearings [in early 1977 on Beil's appointment] were a shock," says one assistant. Terry Anderson explains:

Beil often makes snap decisions, but "when you get him to concentrate, he'll listen to ideas."

"Judge Beil, as a judge, wasn't used to people questioning his decisions, much less his motives or his beliefs in justice. He still talks about the hearings and still has trouble with politicians or reporters who talk politics at him. It just goes against his grain."

Nevertheless, Beil has refused to let his own critics. He has probably involved more before controversial comments than any other Attorney General in history, and he has insisted that the Justice Department be more open to the press than at any time in the past. He himself is readily accessible to reporters, even to regular critics like William Safire. And open maybe because as a judge he was not used to having to pay a price for any one when he chose to. Beil expects a reputation as one of the most candid men in the Carter Administration.

Beil also displays a judge's willingness to make decisions. "Our office had a lunch meeting with four several months back, mostly on middle-level Justice Department staff. We got a year's worth of business done. He went around the table making such of us if we had any problems or any questions. And simply he decided them. He may not have known enough to make all the decisions. But at least it didn't take a year or two to get something resolved."

Snap decision making or shoving from the hip is a frequently heard accusation Beil. He isn't a true, flip-shooting, combined with that thick southern drawl and an innocent sense of humor, leaves many with the impression that our Attorney General is some kind of buffoon. He's not. At least, because some people who meet him once or twice are unimpressed may be what one aide calls his "open style of decision making—his tendency to see solutions by throwing them out on the table. Aides who don't know him well or who are used to more conventional, top-down bosses, read these as final decisions and leave a meeting muttering to themselves."

Those who rethink it, however, are often from his crowd—feds. "We started in meetings on one aspect of criminal code reform, one justice reformers," and he said he didn't like it. He got blurted it out. He obviously hadn't read any of our memos. One of us started talking casually. In about six minutes we'd turned him around. If you don't make him see, he's terrible. But he's lovely when you get him to

concentrate. He'll listen to ideas."

Beil's willingness to listen has boosted morale in Justice. So has his openness to other working conditions better and his assistance on backing his lawyers personally when they need help. A Beil story making the rounds lately involves a career lawyer in the civil division who found himself threatened by a California federal judge with contempt of court if he left town during a proceeding to appear on another case that his superiors said was more pressing. "If the Attorney General wants you to cover that case, let him call me personally," the federal judge is said to have declared flatly. Within hours after the nervous lawyer had passed his problem on to Washington, the judge got a call from Griffin Beil.

Beil has also been willing to let the assistant attorneys general he appointed do a great deal on their own while he is off making speeches. Branded by the Senate confirmation hearing charges that he had less than a total commitment to equal rights, Beil bent the other way with his justice and appointed to assistant attorneys general several men and women who can only be classed as radicals when compared to the judge who in 1971 signed the Supreme decision in his favor, *Hazel Carwell* to the Supreme Court.

One particularly good appointee is legislative affairs head Patricia Wald, a first class public interest lawyer who has won academic praise for her work in drafting and promoting Justice Department-related legislation on Capitol Hill. An avowedly nonpolitical as he is, Beil has been a tireless lobbyist for his old Wald's favorite legislative projects, including criminal code reform and the so-called court reform proposals aimed at eliminating federal judges on over many suits and diverting relatively small sums into reform. On the other hand, an avowed legislative reason the conservative judge has been able to use his personal relationship with Carter to control not only Wald's strong views but also those of the White House Domestic Counsel staff Justice Department aides say the best example is the proposed welfare grand jury abuse by allowing witnesses to have lawyers present. Beil opposes it vigorously and has single-handedly forced the administration against it.

Justice Department readers also say that the two blocks Beil appointed to top posts—civil rights division chief Drew Days and Sullivan General Wood Moore—are so far from the weaker performers. Days, a former NAACP lawyer, seems to be on the road making speeches more often than Beil. On several very important issues, including the drafting of a government brief in the Bakke case and a decision on whether to support the constitutionality of a Senate subcommittee passed last year. Days has backed away from the strong civil rights advocacy stance one might expect from



someone is his way. McCree, a senior, much liked former federal court of appeals judge, also was weakened on Rehn and overall had done little to drive a path himself. Nonetheless, he did hope to inherit the "black seat" on the Supreme Court held now by Thurgood Marshall (who was also a Solicitor General, and he doesn't want to risk any boats along the way).

Nonetheless, McCree and Byers seem weak mostly because their other colleagues—the mild, civil division head Barbara Babcock, and former Sierra Club lawyer James Moore, who runs the land and natural resources division—were so good. On Rehn's to add his own, the Justice Department is generally running as well as it ever has.

The real problem is not weakness among the assistant AGs but the fact that as many of the truly big issues the assistant don't seem to have much to say. The Snapp case is an excellent example.

Sniping at Snapp

"We never really gave the Snapp thing much thought," says Associate Attorney General Michael Egan. "We just knew we had to run." The "we" are the men who make the big decisions at Justice. They can usually be found having breakfast at Judge Bell's dining room in Justice on the mornings he is in town. Grouped around the table with the judge are Egan, the number three man who is a former Georgia Republican legislator, Deputy Attorney General Douglas Civiletti, the number two, who is a big-law-firm lawyer from Baltimore known around Justice as a law-and-order hardliner, and the first assistant associate attorney general, Chief Counsel J. Michael Callahan who serves as Bell's liaison to the assistant attorneys general. "Who ever expected that when a Democratic administration got elected in 1976 you'd have a moderate, southern, conservative judge running the Justice Department with the help of a half dozen young, southern, anti-state, a Republican Georgia legislator, and a conservative Baltimore lawyer?" asks one skeptical, old Chicagoan insider. "But that's who ran the show."

In the Snapp case, the show was run particularly by Bell and Egan. The decision on Snapp was characteristic of how most major issues have been handled under Bell.

If the decision were above all the product of Bell's conservative instincts. For Judge Bell, two simple issues were involved: national security and the separation of powers. The decision could best be signed when he took the job to clear himself for ever more about the CIA in advance with the Agency, and CIA Director Stanley Turner had told Bell that letting someone else away with this could open a floodgate of assistant

He can disregard the White House as though he were running a separate branch of the government.

secrecy leaks from former CIA men. To the judge, a contract was a contract as, generally, it involved national security. It didn't matter that Snapp had taken care not to disclose secrets; that Snapp could make a persuasive argument that the CIA had violated the contract first by not letting him, as promised, make an internal review of CIA incompetence in the closing days of Vietnam, or that weeks after Snapp was in talks with Carter's open government, pro-whistle-blowing policy associates.

3. Even in the context of Bell's own motives, the previous case set a bad example. Bell says he used Snapp because "I was trying to find out if we can have a CIA internal control." If secrecy can be enforced with simple contract law, he reasoned, there would be no need to conduct criminal trials in which the national security secrets at stake would have to be debated in open court. Yet, if a CIA agent really does give out secrets to the enemy by publishing them, isn't the government going to want to prosecute where they just receive his profits and silence him after that? Besides, Bell may have actually undermined these national security goals by taking the Snapp contract to court for review. He himself has conceded that it can't be so broad that it is unconstitutional. A good lawyer goes with his best possible case when he wants to make a point. The smart thing would have been for Bell to have the CIA modify future contracts—limiting them to a pledge not to name names of secret agents or describe clandestine activities. Let it say, "Thus, if necessary, he could "find out" from the courts about that kind of contract.

4. Bell made the decision as if it were a judge, disregarding what House is involved as though the Justice Department were a separate branch of government.

4. Bell's liberal-minded decision chief was against the decision. Civil division chief Babcock, citing First Amendment and other considerations, recommended that Snapp not be ruled. However, by the time she was consulted, the decision had been made. Like members of the White House Democratic Council with whom she and other assistant attorneys general often find themselves allied, Babcock was left out in the cold.

"Pick any other court issue and you find some or all of these four factors at work

by Bell's own definition, allowing former CIA director Richard Helms to plead ignorance to a misdemeanor for lying to a Senate committee about CIA involvement in Chile, and the prosecution of former FBI officials for Galt's break-ins, are the two most important matters Bell has had to handle.

Helms and the FBI: Security over Law

The Helms case was the classic example of a devoutly conservative judge at work. CIA director Turner told national security secrets to be heard in open court. Besides, Turner argued, Helms had been freed to be at the Senate hearings to protect Agency secrets. Bell bought both arguments and decided to plea-bargain. It didn't matter that another white collar case would go free, that it was not at all evident that any national security was at risk, other than preventing embarrassment, was ruled by a Helms trial, or, in fact, that when Helms had he had not been forced to testify and cover up secrets that had appeared before the committee voluntarily to get himself confirmed for a new job as an ambassador.

That is one case, in fact, where Judge Bell felt so strongly that he made some new law. The compromise choice to back Helms pleaded guilty—believe it or not, Judge Bell is not anywhere in the criminal code.

The FBI prosecutions were similarly mismanaged. Instead of moving vigorously to break with the past by making the right call and taking the investigation as far as necessary, the conservative Judge Bell moved cautiously, and awkwardly, to contain the case. He then laying unprecedented and unproven charges against the FBI, many of the highest-level supervisors believed involved not only in the illegal activities but also in more recent illegal efforts to cover them up.

The external sense of government practitioners regarded as Bell due their efforts to find out about illegal break-ins and other FBI violations were being blocked by agents and Bell-level supervisors who refused to tell them anything. Even when given personal immunity from prosecution, they wouldn't say. A special problem was J. Wallace LaPrade who ran the New York office, from which the illegal activities had been directed. He testified that he couldn't remember anything. The only way to move LaPrade and the others, the investigation and Bell was to prosecute him for perjury.

According to William Gardner, who led the team of lawyers, Deputy Attorney General Civiletti, then head of the criminal division, supported the recommendation



What is a judge at work with and a CIA case? Judge Bell. "It's a lot of things, like he did last time."

tion Bell refused. Prosecuting an FBI man for perjury would damage the Bureau so severely that it wasn't worth it. He told Gardner and Civiletti, "We, according to Gardner and confirmed by Bell, felt personally upset to LaPrade and asked him to change his "I can't remember" testimony.

Jumping in personally to talk to LaPrade and ask Bell to change his testimony was the work of one better government lawyer. "It's his own testimony that we'll tell about just some of what we already know he knew, but we can't tell him," the unprecedented LaPrade then ended on national television looking the stack on Bell for the FBI indictment—only of former officials—that Bell did allow. "I felt close to almost, after it was over with. Bell now says of his interview now in the LaPrade case.

There are some places in the line I could go out and I guess it would be popular to make more agents. But most people in the FBI and they are not want it dropped.

In the end, the well-meaning judge was outmaneuvered by LaPrade. After Bell spoke to him, he did agree to resign his secretary, but in the words of one better government lawyer, "It's his own testimony that we'll tell about just some of what we already know he knew, but we can't tell him." The unprecedented LaPrade then ended on national television looking the stack on Bell for the FBI indictment—only of former officials—that Bell did allow. "I felt close to almost, after it was over with. Bell now says of his interview now in the LaPrade case.

Mauled by Marston

Bell was also done in by distressed Philadelphia U.S. Attorney David Marston. How else do you explain how the Attorney General who has done more to take police out of the appointment of federal judges and U.S. attorneys received such unprecedented risk for politicians that appointment of Bell has established merit screening panels for

most of appeals appointments. He has encouraged senators in various states to drop traditional political patronage and appoint more people to choose federal district court judges and in some cases, U.S. attorneys. And in states without merit panels, he has resisted making the senator's first choice when the choice was mediocre.

For a Marston, a moderate Gerald Ford political appointee, should have been no problem. Bell made three mistakes. First he wanted to replace Marston, allowing him an extra year to build up support and perhaps even plan the kind of reversal battle he later waged. Second, since Carter told the press that Congressman Joshua Eilberg had called to ask that Marston's replacement be expedited and Marston had let it be known that he was investigating Eilberg, Bell should not have dismissed him. To end even the appearance of a fix, Marston should have been given a stipulated period to complete the investigation. Third, once he made the mistake of dismissing Marston, when the door opened, Bell should at least have had someone better suited to jump in or, immediately by taking two months to pick Marston's replacement, tap organized crime prosecutor Peter Weiss. Bell surely added to the public impression that

Marion was so uncomplicated that it was rare that he had been pulled out of the White House. But he did. And he was pulled out. Marion, incidentally, was the 1989 story broke even before he found a replacement who could outmatch Marion on credentials." Because, one Bell aide explained, "the only Member was an extremely involved one, and the judge couldn't do that." Like a judge devoted to the cause of civil rights, Bell moved unapologetically and quickly.

Bell now calls the Marion blip his "only substantial mistake." So far, Bell says, that "I should have handled it [the early removal of Marion] personally," he says, adding, with a twinkle in his eye and a grin, that he should have organized a "mini-symposium to consider Marion's press conference." For all his blarney, the Marion offer did not seem to hurt Bell with his boss. "The word is pretty clear around Washington," says one top Justice staffer, "that on any important judgment between Bell and other Cabinet members or between Bell and the White House staff that Bell decides to take to the President, Bell is going to win."

Backtracking on Burke

On the most occasions when Bell doesn't win, he knows how to cover his tracks. This is what happened with the decision on what kind of flood of documents the Justice Department would file in the Burke case. The draft he had Solicitor General McCree do originally stated with, and against the affirmative action programs in question. But after the White House got its hands on the draft, it leaked out to civil rights groups and the press. Carter, Vice President Mondale, and Hamilton Jordan intervened. Another draft was quickly written coming out against Burke.

Bell was smart enough to retreat gracefully. Realizing that pressures were building—"the greatest factor started that I must ever seem," he now remembers—and that he couldn't win, he did not argue the issue with Carter personally. And he even found a way to protect this one instance of his independence being called as a victory on, at least, a non-issue. "The brief," he says, referring to the final draft that came out against Burke, "was the first one I wrote. From then on, I never changed. The emphasis was changed. McCree, he explained, simply changed his mind between first and second drafts, while Bell, going to his bedside to tell White House members (along with civil rights leaders) that the Solicitor General had said that White House and political pressure.

Bell still does not understand that the government's writing a brief of the court—that is, which is an absolutely bad, not a judge's impartial declaration of law—is making policy, and that politics is part of

The problem is, he has set disappointingly low sights for himself and our Justice Department.

policy making. His big mistake in the Burke matter, he told me, was sending a copy of the brief over to the White House for review in the first place.

On other rare occasions when he knows Carter won't side with him, Bell is equally adept at going with the flow, even if it's someone else's flow. For example, Bell shares none of Carter's resentment of lawyers. But he understands how passionately Carter feels about it. Thus, when he saw an advance copy of the President's Los Angeles speech, which in part attacked lawyers, he defended it against criticism from some of the White House staff who thought it was too strong. He even signed one line in the speech—charging lawyers with leading people in the Southern States to the depths of the civil rights movement—that could have been read as a slap at him given his 1958s service as top legal adviser to a segregationist Georgia governor.

Georgia on His Mind

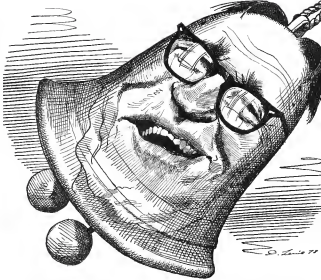
Since he came to Washington, Bell has talked with Bell about going back to Georgia. He will leave the Justice Department by the beginning of 1980, he says.

Bell does not like his job. When asked about his decision to come to Washington, he said he had made the right choice. Still, frankly about press criticism and other challenges to his authority and makers—from which he was to retaliate with on the bench and always ready to volunteer statements such as "Almost every thoughtful thought I had on this job occurred to me while I was outside of Washington," he seems preoccupied with his past and future in Georgia. His other bug, which he has opened to reporters, shows frequent contact with judges from his old Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. Recently, to disavow, with Bell's nod, new legislation that would transfer power and former private citizens' power to disavow, he repeatedly stressed his desire to shield his future law firm partners from liability for whatever suits might be filed against him. And after, as in the case of a talk he gave to FBI agents in Indiana about the FBI prosecutions, he speculates about how important something he does may make him when he gets back to

Georgia. (Remember, Bell was not the kind of southern judge who made controversial unpopular decisions.) Some Justice staffers think this is a key reason why, while he has allowed the Justice Department to draft a gun control proposal, he has shied away from being identified with it personally, and has not pushed it through the White House Domestic Policy Council the way he could.

Bell says that his three goals in coming to the Justice Department were to take care of the problems he identified, principally the Herbert and F.H. process, to improve the management of the Department, and to find and groom a successor. He mentioned the Helms and FBI cases, but he has diagnosed with both. In process is a successor, he seems to have settled on Civiletti. Though he only says he will give drive names to the President and that his deputy attorney general is a "fine candidate." As for management, the judge's record is mixed. His capable special assistants have him in touch with what's going on in the department and assure that he's successful. His assistant attorneys general are generally doing well and in many areas are embroiled in reorganization programs in their own shops. However, the Justice Department lawyer-bureaucracy has by no means become a model of good management. And, in eighteen months, Bell has been unable to get his gun-control Law Enforcement Assistance Administration reauthorized, his Bureau of Prisons shows no sign of improvement, and it's not at all clear that his FBI—is in functioning any better than it did two years ago.

But the real problem with Griffin Bell is that with these three goals, and with his judge's approach to the job, he has set disappointingly low sights for himself and for our Justice Department. The Justice Department depends less than most federal agencies on Congress to approve what it does and what it decides to state for legislative-backed congressional committees can threaten its reform. But they can't stop Griffin Bell if he wants to let the CIA think Frank Sargent should be fired, or really take government agencies to comply fully with the President of Information Act, or reform the FBI so that its concentration on white-collar crime (as far as we see of such talk and little change), or opposed to interstate auto safety or other semi-time federal crime or file a friend of the court brief against unannounced police searches of newspaper offices. (Bell filed a brief in the recent Supreme Court case on that issue against the Justice Department's dissent.) Opportunities could not stop Bell from raising a number of Justice-related affirmative issues that you and I have never heard of because he has not raised them—issues such as a new, creative approach to the FBI's internal structure, developing a consistent approach to privacy problems, or pushing the Law



Enforcement Assistance Administration to provide innovative programs to aid law-abiding in the fight against street crime.

In the one major justice where Jimmy Carter's campaign rhetoric about justice, decency and open government would seem to have been a moral high ground, Carter has installed a conservative judge when he needed was a committed advocate. To take another example, an advisory board Griffin Bell might have declined to authorize war-related workshops in the recent spy case of U.S. Information Agency employee Ronald Humphrey. Bell is an record as someone law requiring a judge to approve a warrant for such cases, so to make the point while the proposed law is being debated, he might have gone to a judge voluntarily for a warrant judge Bell authorized the taps

When Bell named Alabama Federal judge Frank Johnson last summer to be the FBI director, it seemed, with Johnson's glib record of dedication to civil rights and civil liberties, that Bell had an inspired vision of what he wanted the FBI to be. What he really had was a flunkon on appointing a judge to the job when Johnson bowed out for health reasons. Bell appointed so-so federal judge William Webster to replace him. As in his past speeches and old political ratings, so great issue runs through Griffin Bell's work.

"I have so many things to look into I only go to one at a time," Bell says. eager to go to Georgia, and with no broad sense, no overall real map of why he is in Washington, Griffin Bell at the Justice Department is still a new-worried judge handling problems part as front of his day

by day, case by case. And case by case—Serge Helms, the FBI, Humphrey, grand jury reform, gun control, Marion, Burke—are most major issues he has been more cautious than we might have expected from a Democratic administration and the campaign rhetoric of its candidate, however, or more kept this his President's much repeated devotion to "competent" government would seem to allow, or both.

With a boss who treats him so reverentially that neither the White House nor any other outside force is about to push his department to be anything else, Bell has given the Justice Department his own qualities: it is honest, open, staffed with good people—but still lacking in an overall vision and, on the one hand, inclined to fly by the seat of its pants as a conservative reacts. 41

The White Puppies

They had five disciplined children, a dog, a home in the country
— but few friends, and several very strange problems

Fiction by Arthur Miller

They lived in a bright yellow house on the crest of the ridge. From the living room windows fields rolled down and away like a child's view of the green field and fall of haystacks. They had five disciplined children, each with his study charts and explorer map, and they were not typical of any group or class but were quite strange, although eager for new people and any news from outside. They had no talent for making friends.

Sally, their flower bitch, had given birth to five puppies, three of them shockingly white. Even worse, the whites were more aggressive and advanced than their tan siblings, and in the few days since their births had shown superior strength and stability. Clearly, if these throwbacks were to be destroyed it would have to be done quite soon, before they had identifiable personalities and had been named by the children. That they must be done away with there was no question, since the Boster Breeders Association's literature had advised this as a necessary measure to protect the integrity of the line.

It was not then that Joseph was what are called dog people. Karl Grubbs had been brought up as an Orthodox Jew and had never owned a pet of any kind before his marriage nearly twenty years ago, and Caroline had been an Army lieutenant colonel who had moved his family around the country and the world all through her girlhood, so that keeping a dog had been impossible. They had simply decided to buy a dog for the children, as people decide such things, for no important reason but probably to complete the picture of a family living in the country. Karl, with an immediate suspicion born of millennia of persecution from people with dogs, regarded the bitch as an intruder, and Caroline had given over its care to Charles and Joseph, the two eldest boys, as further responsibility to help the formation of their characters.

In the late fall evenings, on the top of the otherwise unoccupied ridge, the parents would sit in the large living room smoking and listening to Bach or Schubert while the children did their homework in various corners of the house. All of them always sat A's, just as Karl and Caroline had before them. In the kitchen, beside the doorway to the garage, Sally lay sleeping while her puppies swam in their parental dream with faint scratchings of newspaper and occasional brittle chairs.

The playwright Arthur Miller has published many short stories in *Saturday*, including "The Miller," on which the movie was based.

Everything can, of course be explained, but not necessarily understood. In his room—he had recently turned twelve—Joseph kept bottles of his own urine on his two windowsills and on his bookshelves. Charles, fourteen, had been driven out of the room by the smell and had found himself a sleeping spot in the attic. The smell, in fact, had recently begun to seep downstairs and, finally, even into the living room, probably when the heating ducts were blowing hardest, or for some other unknown cause. But most of the time only the second floor smelled and sometimes not even there but only when the door of Joseph's room was actually opened, and then the very air seemed yellowed by it. Yet it bothered Joseph not at all.

The bottles seemed to mark the room as his and no one else's. Everybody soon felt that it would be dangerous to try to remove them without his permission. Not that he had ever threatened anyone, of course. It was surely understood, after the first few days and the usual three or four bottles had appeared on his windowsill, that to remove them without his agreement would bring on consequences that no one could bear to think about or even define. And inevitably, the worst he could do and the more widely the spoiled air spread out beyond his room, the more certain everyone was that these bottles filled with his urine were absolutely essential to Joseph's existence. As for what they signified, the boy merely shrugged when asked, and looked into his specimen's face with a faint grin and as expressive in his eyes of unbridled society and even a glint of wit.

Naturally the parents were overworked on the beginning and Caroline simply poured the first two bottles into the toilet down the hall. But next morning they were filled again and Joseph met the family's surprise with merely another burst of his usual cackling laughter. And when the jars and bottles multiplied and spread along the windowsill and the tops of tables and bookcases and the odor thickened, Caroline graciously realized that a sort of message was being addressed to her and Karl which it was important to decipher rather than attempt to ignore.

The difficulty in figuring out Joseph's meaning was that too many implications killed themselves rather than too few. He might be marking out his vital living space, much as dogs do with their urine. (But why, when no one was trying to deprive him of his space?) Or perhaps he was demonstrating his sexuality, now—Caroline especially, since she would be the one to have to deal with the undesired of it all. It even occurred to Karl that maybe it was somehow a show of contempt or at least rage—at effect, the boy was passing on his shortcomings and his siblings



Illustration by James McMullan

IN ANY CASE, THE PROBLEM NOW
I was the white puppies. One could
imagine that when grown they would
look quite odd, as albino people do,
wraithlike and somehow vengeful.

and parents. All kinds of instances of these readings popped up from one night to another.

If one of their small coveys of friends did get up the courage to question the smell, Caroline would laugh unctuously and in her high midwestern inflection say, "Yes, it is unusual, I suppose," while Karl murmured in unperceptibly stammered wit. Actually, to understand the sense had shown the Gachens, in his exceptionally tolerant people who at the same time had tight control over their children and their lives in general. On most other issues they reacted with the principled conservatism of ex-scholars, which is to say with a conformity to values for whose sake they were likely to make real sacrifices. For when it came to explain to them they said that saving his name was apparently Joseph's way of expressing his *Josephitis*, and that others had to sacrifice a part of their comfort for a while until he got over it. Naturally, this was all said and soon forgotten.

Karl could enjoy the quiet in this conversation ended with, but he said it habitually with a certain slyness to him. He seemed more of obscure desire on Joseph's part to confound him. As always as it was, he sometimes felt the same kind of threat as if a physical warning were being flashed. Finally, he switched off thinking about Joseph at all and avoided going into his room with its bewildering pile of papers.

Still, the boy remained as cheerful and mischievous as ever, with his same quick cackling laugh to when delivering the solution of one of his riddles to some assembled friends. But to Karl's questions about his urine he had only a shrug and his eyes were not respectful final regard. He seemed to have his father, and his mother as well, and was assumed to be waiting for something he expected them to do. What this was, no one could imagine. It would be ten years before he tied an anchor to himself, snipped off a nail into the sea, and moved to his friends as he disappeared.

In any case, the problem now was the white puppies. As the days passed—more precisely, the minutes—they were growing more and more Bizarro-like, accepting of course for the color of the three whites and their blue instead of dark eyes and bright outlandish pink noses. One could easily imagine that when grown they would look quite odd, as albino people do, wraithlike and—it was hard to say why—vengeful, like secret enemies from a cluster of grass which had been seeded into a favorite corner of the dark pool and left to vegetate, only now emerging to make some horrendous claim on life. Since the whites were walking quite steadily for a minute or so at a time, while the two still struggled to raise their heads.

Along with Karl in the living room, Caroline looked up from her *Amber* magazine and stared at thought. Karl lay back on his black leather sofa, exhaling smoke, relaxing with the parrots whose symmetry commended itself to his reason and his hopes. She said: "I know they fix Bizarros, but..." and she gazed, drawing on her cigarette, "do they do make, too?"

Reverend legs and a long graceful neck were the best points a physically unattractive woman, her temperament blossomed as emergency. In a cloudless once she had stopped her car and pulled the driver of a packhorse trailer from the flames of his overturned car. She could not out of the water of her eyes when danger struck. Yet she could give a judgment in person in the presence of the blood was low. She spent much time making up her face again it looked like marble and had no eyes, only subtle bursts of high laughter which relaxed into a middle-toned

stare. Living in the country too long, she had lost track and still thought of herself and of Karl as someone before or at least socially responsible. Certainly they were hostile to self-indulgence of any kind.

She had a way of talking in upwardly rising tones a simple "Oh!" when she was surprised, while her eyebrows also lifted. When the second ended, the top of her tongue popped out to wet her lips, as though sucking back her saliva.

She still kept her hair as curlers all morning and brushed it out just before Karl arrived at night. Silky beige hair. And she used a long cigarette holder when he was home, and wore high heeled shoes. It would be ten years until he tried to murder her with a jack handle while the boy sat up.

Karl had a ready and amiable voice. His silver hair was still dense, cut close in military style because it was the only way she knew to cut it for him, and there was a delicacy in his large hands manipulating his cigarette as though it were a fine pick the dentist might use. His fourth and pinkie fingers were delicately raised when he held a cup, and his upper and lower eyelids, just barely touched when he slept. Like industrial producers everywhere—he manufactured electrical components on military contracts—his pride was his neatness: he could think clearly and judge people, and he was strong enough to be ruthless if he required. But of course he preferred and even longed not to be, and indeed he had deep friendships with other businessmen, one or two of whom could be said to love him. And he loved them. His face bloomed with brotherly warmth when these few telephoned, and he tended to wastefully pause these men. He could be perfectly fitted with size 44 rule off the rack, made of towels of a black suit. His stomach was flat, his chest broad, a strong angular structure in his face and head. She would happen to dream as he entered the room and turning on her side just as the jack handle came down into the floor, she would expect by an inch.

Replying to her question now, he thought for a moment and then spoke. "I'm not sure but I guess they can."

"Fix males?"

"Why not?" But he leaned forward so that the chairback came up straight, his forehead underlined his patience and his forehead-furrowed habit of asking others their thinking. "When are you going to do with this, ever?" They always seem to get fat when they're fixed, don't they?"

"I suppose," she said.

"I would give them to the vet, don't you think?" Give them to the vet?" he repeated, to get her gaze focused on him from the vague faraway.

"Well, it seems unnecessary to me to have them destroyed." Now it was he who looked off vaguely, and the repeated in order to get his attention. "Do you have them destroyed?"

He frowned, his eyes during left and right, then suddenly he shrugged. "I don't risk me, this is your department. Alvin's he named back. After twenty years of marriage he liked occasionally to pretend that he wanted nothing more to do with domestic problems. This was a sort of reverse which came and went, but one day it would stop. But not yet."

She sat motionless. Like him, she could at blinking sit in silence for a very long time. She pinned herself on her competence, which in her mind was associated with an unshakable kind of awareness. Indeed, she felt this was her department however she might wish that it wasn't. It was she who had opened for a petting dog and had located a broader maturity, when Karl had thought any interest from the pond would do just as well. She had always been questioned by Bizarros, which for some reason seemed most rational.

He was one of those men who find themselves violently hating a person whom a moment later they wish desperately to please. He could be in bed reading Tolstoy as an expose of the CIA and become suddenly unkind with his mother's having railroad, a whole year earlier, to live in a large house of his own, which he might have missed a back issue for his loneliness. She had—wisely, he later admitted—insisted on his first refinement: certain other obligations. She was almost always slower than



SHE TOLERATED EVERYTHING. "I'll tend to it," she said, lifting her eyebrows in an attempt at a charming smile. He had had a whiff of her fear of him. This would be a bad night.

he said to her as ever, sometimes even dreamily to himself, to earn her approval. But when the day appeared of something he had done, he would soon feel contempt for her approbation, her keeping him out of her life in this way. Yet, if she had been more bravely blind he could not imagine himself suspecting her either.

There was no notice to be taken. He wanted to know someone helpfully, to advise, even to advise. He wished Caroline to have more sentiment, rather-minded, accepting, while at the same time he greatly admired her intellectual talent and self-control.

This kind of back-and-forth situation of feeling toward every individual who was important to him would confuse all a morning and was his destiny, until he came to an uncertain rest on the proposition that you had to combine being unloved and laugh-minded if you were going to keep people honest and under control.

On this night he was lying on his back staring at the living room ceiling. He had been drinking heavily. His left, quite suddenly, then he was surprised by empty space, it was like being in an empty booth although he was still conscious of the room. From the clear sky a sort of large oval escaped down and landed with its talons squaring his stomach and its back hit his collarbone like a heavy hammer. He could feel the penetration through bleeding sweat and sat up and looked over at Caroline, who was asleep, her drink and blushing with the faintest smile on her face. There was no General's hand to her eyes when she did this.

"How much longer do you intend to wait?" he asked.

She saw the door handle of his head, as position slightly forward of the shoulders. She had not always been so tolerant, but life had caused to be comprehensible a long time ago. Now she tolerated everything. "I'll tend to it," she said, lifting her eyebrows in an attempt at a charming smile, knowing that he had had a whiff of her fear of him. This was going to be one of the bad nights, she saw.

"The how much longer," he coughed, "will you do nothing about these conditions?"

"I'll tend to it." She stared on yet say "them." "It was better tomorrow."

He glared at her with a severity that was almost comical but the dread was left. He had been an extraordinary good father, she said, a legendary one, except for his children's studies, can enter their papers, demanding high excellence from their minds. And drink. Some of his sorrow came from his deepening helplessness before his last for money. It was devastating him, like a vice. And a vice, the way a vice is, until, at that he stood apart from it as something his own but not observed. Or he could be believed. He had no fear of money, would buy not one but two foreign cars in an afternoon for thirty thousand, and a small yacht a month later, and all of it retired, nothing worked, transactions fell out, lands here. And he walked away, untouching everything in the first corner for a lifetime.

He was not allowed what he wanted, to worship the Lord Jehovah, along with Isaac and Isaac and Abraham. Nothing else had the least importance to him excepting perhaps good shoes. He had to have wonderfully soft shoes. He could not believe anyone but he still loved those dead fathers and the Hebrew lay he had been described with and had spoken, words he would happily come to read and read at the rest of his life but he was not permitted because he was ridiculous. He wanted his pretty back and God his Master again.

Still, she made no move to get up and go to bed, simply sit

there, signing and thinking and saying, trying to be charming.

"You'll definitely tend to it tomorrow?"

"I will, I promise."

"Well, I'll wait and see."

Exactly when and how it had started she no longer could remember, but this sort of thing always seemed to accompany her to bed at the end of the day. She could still not help trying to move with herself about him, and about life. As the underfoot of she was now an alcoholic by night although never by day, if such a distinction were possible, she would really hate. She did not have either the will to stand up now and go resolutely into the bedroom, or to find some convenient excuse to leave him like this. It was always in the night and between decisions that she seemed to move, as though she had lost her will to leave. She had failed to move with his formal society, the Stowe parties which the lower control his terms but which she had believed would never control or trouble and would keep her safe. Before him she had felt provoked in others' eyes, while privately she was glad to serve him and so to keep life away.

She shook herself, feeling she had momentarily dropped off to sleep. "Well, I go to bed," she said, and stretched herself and her feet.

"I told the ITT this morning."

"Ah," she made no deep note.

"I made about four thousand more October," he spoke briefly.

"Oh?" She said, but she could never be more than an amateur at mathematics.

She could see that this interested him and gave him great happiness. She sat slowly again, to try to listen.

With a glance he gave momentary recognition to her answer. "I may go for some General Motors or Reynolds aluminum."

"Ah?"

"The whole thing is criminal," he said suddenly. She smiled again, believing him. "It's nothing but gambling, playing wagers. People get rich doing nothing," he went on, as though speaking of certain others and spilled a drop of whiskey on his trousers but did not notice. She wondered if it would rain.

Now that he had her attention he leaned with the bottle and poured into her glass, at which she stared and smiled in agreement.

They sat together. "Don't ever let yourself feel I'm against you, Caroline."

"Oh, I don't."

"I'm just disappointed in myself, that's all."

"I know."

They sat in a contemplative silence as though resting from confession.

"If my mother calls one of these days," he coughed, "don't say we'll be here for Christmas, say we might go on a trip or something. I don't want her here for Christmas."

"When shall I say we've gone?"

"Don't make it difficult."

She smiled again and again. He took a long draught and pressed back the blankets and stretched almost dead and closed his eyes. She watched him. He seemed enormous, raised up off the floor like this. She stood up, took two steps, and still looking her glass, having forgotten the bed, it lay down on top of him.

The whiskey spilled on his shoulder and he shuddered.

She lay there waiting. Minutes passed. She knew he was awake. Finally she said, "I want to do for you, Karl." He opened his eyes to the proposed benefit as to the last. "In the sense that we really have no reason to feel opposed."

"Don't mention to my mother that I..." he coughed.

"About the stocks?"

"She'll be outraged. She thinks the market's going to slide so handed. She's full of rage." She could feel his body expand as he smiled her. It was his riding, it was his riding that he had come alive. "I don't want to see her for six months."

"That's fine with me."

"The don't mention it to the calls."

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SHE GRIPPED THE TWINE, SWUNG it underhand, and let go. The pup-pies flew up towards the sky and held there an instant, three fat points of a writhing triangle which fell and sank.

"It's just that I'm afraid to reveal her and then she goes to you and complains."

"That's not your business?" he said sharply into her face, but eyes full of lightning.

"I know, Karl, but she can only be very resistant."

"So I'll have to go across herself?"

"She could feel my body's clenching builders." "All right," she said, clinging to him. And she lay her head on his chest, waiting, musing her lips over so slightly.

After a moment she felt her hands on her cheeks. He lifted her face and saw her flush on the lips, then looking up her eyes he slightly pressed her head to his chest and held her there. Slowly she could feel lips coming him, carrying her away. In distant memory. She did all and was up and standing up nearly still backwards and laughed, thinking of her mother's and father's deities, the two universes, and how she would like this. But it was a distant sorrow now like everything else, like the deaths of parents being very quickly, or anyone's death, really, if you come down to it.

She went down the corridor and then climbed the stairs into the acid state, and then, as the door opened, she opened it gently. The light from the corridor showed him peacefully asleep. The yellow light must be his face, he is showing in her worth, she thought. And saying his with it.

And, she thought to the vicinity that the door, we are helpless to recognize him. His strange, she said aloud. I certainly thought I had shown him long.

As dawn was breaking—she had not thought to lower the window shades, she looked under Karl who was beginning to make love to her. At first her shades were terrified, but quickly the need to rise toward him and he was gone, sliding away, asleep.

Along at the house around noon, she sat on her knees beside the box and used the shades while puppets together with a piece of twine. Sully lay on her side watching with her peeped gaze as Chookie laid the bodies into her arms. But it was a sort of rehearsal. She had not yet decided what to do with the puppets, so her car and placed them together in her lap and drove to a small lake where she parked. They were struggling into her warmth, digging deeper and deeper down between her thighs and she laughed. It was December but there was no snow and the ponds had not even just. Only the dark waters of snow or fire in the marshy sky where colors had gone away. She had not to open the door, even though the real cold and behind her was silent and empty, and she could not listen to the puppets. Faces, even if they were barely able to see her.

But after all, it was her responsibility, or was it? She asked while flowers to proliferate. And if she managed to tell them or give them away, she could hardly guarantee their new owners would not love them. Not that any of it mattered to her: she did not care what color flowers were, but it was a rule that others did very much care about, and if the puppets were still in the house tonight she did not know what Karl would say or possibly do except to tell her again that she had failed him.

She could not bring herself to open the door and placed up to the mirror, finding someone would see her and get laughing to be interrupted, but the entrance of the grey road was still a kind of authoritarianism, an order.

In any case it would be impossible to tell Karl that she had done anything about them again. But of course she could like

them to the rest.

She paused, thinking about Dr. Stein's face if she offered him the puppets. He could not be expected to feed and house unwanted puppets. No, she would have to give him her order to dispose of them. Which, of course, he would carry out for her. Probably twenty-five dollars, another meal, it is to hand Karl, who had advised getting a meal from the press in the first place.

In an instant upon the picked up the puppets in one hand and they flew up her arms as she opened the door and stepped out of the wet grass and walked, keeping her high back raised. To the edge of the water—in the distance there were aquatic cottages which were never accepted in winter, and for off was a boat with a man in it fishing but with his back to her. She gripped the twine and said, "I'm not here and let go and the puppets flew up through the sky, separating in air as far as the twine would allow and held there for a moment. Three fat points of a writhing triangle which fell and sank into the water. She quickly turned and hurried back into the car and raised the empire to speed away.

By the time she had pulled into her driveway it was already clear what she should have done long ago. She walked into the house and up the stairs to Joseph's room and collected all the bottles—necessarily, there were more than two dozens of all shapes and sizes—emptied them into the toilet and flung open the windows of the room. The air freshened, immediately, but in a moment the room was clear as it had been years ago, and the wet downpour and wet in the kitchen. Her hands trembled.

Would Karl be angry with her? Had she dreamed or rejected something precious to him, an offering, perhaps?

Four years he had been. She only now looked down at Sully in her bed, with the two remaining puppets. The birds were crying to see her face, the doves back and forth as expected. Chookie stood at the dog, telling herself that she ought to put her scenery now. And she had a right to, now that she had shown her strength and determination to save her own family. There were things more important than sentiment.

Her body must control it occurred to her that when the children returned from school she was going to have to account for the missing puppets. Not that they had paid much attention to them after the first day or so. Well, she would simply have to face that—there were rules in life which sometimes were hard to follow or even understand. But one had to have them.

The thought of the man who had brought her puppets stood her up into her feet again. She went into the living room and poured a drink. She had vowed never to do it in daylight. She swallowed a gulp and gasped at it. The phone rang.

It was Lorie. Waiting to know where Karl was.

"At his office. I suppose."

But the girl says he's not taking calls.

"I guess he doesn't want to get this morning."

"But what's the matter with him. I told her to tell him it was me."

"He doesn't want to talk to you."

"What do you mean? What I do care?"

"You must me know those puppets are his like."

"What? What do you say?"

Caroline laughed. The drink had released her. The fact that it had been drunk in daylight. And the fact that Karl's mother would not be kept repeating. "What do you say? Puppets? What puppets?"

And the fact that Joseph would be devastating the stars from his living room after he came home and she could no longer remember what had got into her to make her tell off her mother. And then Karl. That, indeed, Karl.

She hung up on her mother in line a moment's voice but with a feeling of revulsion, that, and wandered around the house. She would like to read a classic novel again in which people make eternal decisions. Trillings? And then found herself at the kitchen staring down at Sully, who was there nursing the twine. Some time later, perhaps, she would stretch out her hand. Anyway, the bird started not to move then at all and in fact was probably refused to be of it then. For all she knew.

New Rules in The Mating Game

by Judy Jarvis



The new line is "I really like strong women." Of course, the bottom line's the same.

The story from a thirty-one-year-old woman, a Boston television star, is a modern romance. She drove Karl to work—she was his driver for equality and fairness, but Karl put her on even more of a pedestal than she. In February he told her of new buzz words instead of "Your eyes are so beautiful" it's "I really like strong women." But the bottom line is still the same.

"It's still the same game," says Moses, a bearded drummer for a popular jazz group. Brooklyn-born and street-wise, thirty-one-year-old Moses isn't impressed with the new jargon. He says, "The women's changed, but men's really changed in terms of the coming race. It was always double-cut. Now the words are different."

The new game was as slick and deceptive. Even the most dedicated feminist gets stuck now and then—some because they want to, and some because they're sucked in.

"The act is so seductive," says Elaine, a twenty-four-year-old whose sexual life is twice her age. "I want to buy it but that's what it is—seduction and lies. Men who pretend they are feminists just

today's women expects a more fashionable hair dance. Remember what Elvis drove back at singer Charles, the over-the-top artist in a *Guinness* Women, when he suggested that her sex life was deficient and that he could fill the bill? "Hey, Charles," she said. "You're out of style."

Today's new battle is to convince her that you are not only sympathetic to her drive for equality and fairness, but that you are even more of a feminist than she. In February he told her of new buzz words instead of "Your eyes are so beautiful" it's "I really like strong women." But the bottom line is still the same.

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"The act is so seductive," says Elaine, a twenty-four-year-old whose sexual life is twice her age. "I want to buy it but that's what it is—seduction and lies. Men who pretend they are feminists just

to get you are really not." "Live or just plain confused about what they should up to a 'liberated' woman, men have created these feminist tactics."

The Wordsmith

This man has carefully combed his entire working vocabulary for sexist words and has systematically exterminated every last one. These guys learn the hard way which words sound "man" women; and then they provide to get it right. A Boston finance officer explains the gag.

"If you want to reduce the average female's wages, you need to get rid of words like 'chick,' 'bitch,' 'boney,' or 'bitchiness.' And you need saying things that mean 'I'll take care of you.' I'll make your decisions, or 'I'll pass the milt's events.' You don't say, 'I'll get you a job' or 'You like this sweater.' I'll say it for you." "You say acting like her father, in other words."

Wordsmiths never, never call women who stay home with their children "housewives." They are "homemakers." They're completely about never letting the word "girl" slip through their lips, which presents a problem when they're entertaining a eleven-year-old niece in the presence of a feminist friend. Not for nothing did Jonico Casanova's violent to *Don Quixote* announce that her mother had just given birth to a "baby woman."

Wordsmiths also avoid talking about "sex appeal." Today it's "energy."

A nationally prominent attorney, known for her legal one-liners and her facile tongue, is new at the firmest wordsmith game, having recently divorced her wife of ten years. But now that he is back in the dating market, he's successfully transformed his common sense.

Men are more attracted to women's

always know the answer to that!"

Another Devilish Domestic had less of a problem with his assistance. He asked a woman to move in with him to help share his apartment costs, or so he told. He suggested that they split household chores "right down the middle." She moved in, and before long it was obvious to her that "right down the middle" meant something different to him than it did to her. He didn't want to share the work, just the bed.

The Passive Aggressor

Many, many men say that the real change in male/female relations since the start of the women's movement has nothing to do with them at all. "Women are so much more aggressive," they say. "They want to start men so much as we want to start women. Everyone's hurt in the ring now."

This new outspoken and sexual woman has elicited in men perhaps the most complex move of all. The new way into hard-core women now is not to battle at all. The ideal way, men say, is to be passive.

A *White House* correspondent who's a pro at this tactic reports great success in playing coy. "I asked out a woman reporter who was new to the *White House*

**Men protest:
"We're damned either
way. It's not
an easy time to know
how to act."**

last, but she wasn't interested. I remembered my big brother's cardinal rule—Treat them like junk—and I politely ignored her for six months. There are eight of us together with a group of people, and apparently my coolness was getting to her. She asked me to have a drink with her. We went out and I sent her home in a cab. No kiss. I started to see her occasionally in more formal occasions—dinners, lunches, et cetera—but I always let her make the moves. She finally asked me why I never asked her out on a Saturday night. And that was the beginning of a long and mutually satisfying relationship. (All this from a man who says it always pays to keep a woman's mis mood in your closet for unexpected sleep-over guests. Long grown don't look so great at nine o'clock in the morning as her way home.)

Another true believer in the passively aggressive route says, "I'm having in my mind every bit as much now as six years ago, only now things are much more subtle." He suggests this technique: "Spend a long evening alone with a woman. Kiss her good-night and leave. On the way out the door, turn to her and earnestly say, 'I'm not doing this because I'm not attracted to you, but I don't want to hassle you. I know you're the kind of woman who does what she wants to do.' Sure, it's calculated, but it's not inhuman and it usually works."

The new Most-Cautious version of the Passive Aggressor gives out but business cards to women and tells them, "Call me if you're interested."

A failing saleswoman in Los Angeles had dinner recently with an old friend who was visiting from New York. He brought one of his Collier's buddies with him, each of whom gave her his business card (while the other was in the bathroom) and asked her to call.

Says she, "Men are afraid of being harmed today, so they don't even try anymore. They want us to make all the moves."

To be sure, men have adopted this new range of come-ons in response to a new breed of womanhood. We are asking, begging, in fact, to be treated differently from the way our mothers were treated. So why shouldn't men be smart enough to pick up on the changes?

There's one reason why men wouldn't be fast enough to alter their delivery to suit the times: Hunting has been going on for thousands of years. It's brutal to keep changing styles," observes a national political pollster.

And also, to be sure, no one gets hunted unless she wants to get hunted.

One man, who looked as if he'd been roughed with his hand in the cookie jar while listening to an explanation of the feminist thesis, slowly shook his head.

"We are damned if we do and damned if we don't, I guess. There are not easy times for knowing what to say."

No, they're not. And hence to the men trying to loosen up enough to try some new lines. Maybe they'll start believing them if they use them often enough.

But for some men, there may always be a fine line between sincerity and fake lines. One told me that line weren't necessary because "I and many of my friends are personally far more interested in the kind of energy a woman projects and far less in masculine beauty."

I said, "That sure sounds like a line to me." To which he responded, "A great many men really are looking for qualities that make someone a good equal friend rather than a sexual subordinate."

And then, with great feeling, he added, "Any good line will always bear a very close relationship to what people really think." □



What a man serves is often a reflection of the man.

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1978 Chrysler Cordoba

"The picture of style and taste."

Anthony Edgeworth, contributing photographer, *Esquire Magazine*

We asked New York fashion photographer, Anthony Edgeworth to show you a new Cordoba the way he sees it.

"To me . . . Cordoba is classic. Look at the proportions. Look at the unbroken reflective surfaces . . . an absence of chrome. There is a thrust to the hood . . . a strong look. The framing of the grill is understated and clean. I like that. I like the interior too. It's uncluttered . . . strong. The air looks very special . . . like it would fit a very special way of life. Cordoba? It's the picture of taste."



That's the way one of the nation's leading photographers sees Cordoba. Now put yourself in the picture when you buy or lease a new Cordoba at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer.



What Will Make You Happy?

by Gail Sheehy

**Test yourself:
Will you get what you
want out of life?
What can you expect
from the future?
Answer Esquire's
survey, designed by
Gail Sheehy, the
author of *Passages*.**

WHY YOU SHOULD ANSWER THIS QUESTIONNAIRE

When author Gail Sheehy told us *what she plans for a new book, a companion to *Passages*, we were happy to work with her to develop this special survey. The questionnaire that follows has been developed, tested, and refined for almost a year with the assistance of Philip Shaker, Ph.D., associate professor of psychology at New York University, working with Carol Radvicoff, Cathy Peltis, and Jeffery Johnson, doctoral students at New York University and Columbia University. Answering these questions will give you a chance to learn more about yourself. We will repeat back to you in a future issue of *Esquire*, the way you do just answer this survey, and tell you your answer sheet (page 51) by July 16, 1979.* —The Editors

Here is what we hope to find in your answers to this questionnaire.

What are the components of satisfaction? Which aspects of life does the emerging generation look to for life-stage satisfaction compared to the aspects emphasized by the current generation? How do contemporary young men and contemporary older men define themselves—by stereotypical outer roles or by more personal, inner dimensions?

How does your life change? What do younger men expect from the stages ahead? What kinds of changes and individual responses to them have older men already experienced—and does it cause them to lower their expectations?

What cost-benefit analyses can be made of the different life patterns you choose? What are the rewards and penalties young men expect from choosing a particular life pattern, and what do the older men who have lived each of those patterns report? How do younger and older men usually spend their time personally and professionally, and how would they ideally like to invest it?

How do your values and goals and dreams and fears change from one stage to another? And how do the largest among you learn to cope with rough spots?

When the results are in, we will come back and tell you how the emerging generation of young men compares with the command generation of older men. We can also look forward to one more surprising set of comparisons. This same questionnaire is appearing simultaneously in the July issue of *Kristin's*, the magazine for young women. If you want to know how young women expect life to taste in their twenties, thirties, forties, fifties, and beyond compared to how it actually tastes to women who have already reached those stages, suggest to the women you know about this survey and the question sheet in *Kristin's*.

Many thanks for your time. Be assured that all replies will be held in the strictest confidence, and that you may remain anonymous if you wish. —Gail Sheehy

1. How old are you?

2. What is your sex?

1. Male

2. Female

3. What is your current marital status? (Please circle only one on the answer sheet.)

1. Single

2. Living with a lover

3. Married for the first time

4. Remarried once

5. Remarried more than once

6. Separated

7. Divorced

8. Widowed

4. Have you ever been separated, divorced, or widowed? (On the answer sheet circle as many as apply.)

1. Separated

2. Divorced

3. Widowed

4. None of the above

5. If you have ever been married, how old were you when you first got married?

6. How many children do you have?

7. How do you feel about the number of children you have?

1. Confident with the number of children I have

2. Content that I have no children

3. Proud that I have too many children

4. Proud that I have too few children, but don't expect to have more

5. Proud I have too few children and expect to have more

6. Sorry that I have no children, but don't expect to have any

7. Sorry that I have too children and expect to have more

8. Uncertain

8. How old were you when your first child was born? (If you don't have children, skip to the next question.)

9. How often do you feel that you are a major person or professional endeavor?

1. Almost all the time

2. Most of the time

3. Fairly often

4. Occasionally

5. Rarely

6. Almost never

10. Do you recall ever having failed at a major personal or professional endeavor?

1. Yes, and I found the experience useful

2. Yes, but I feel it was a discouraging experience

3. Yes, and it was a discouraging experience

4. No

5. Not applicable

11. How often do you praise your work?

1. Almost all the time

2. Most of the time

3. Fairly often

4. Occasionally

5. Rarely

6. Almost never

12. Do you wish you had made a major change in the kind of work you do but feel you can't at this time, what are the reasons? (On the answer sheet circle as many as apply.)

1. Level of income

2. Loss of prestige

3. Risk of failure

4. Spouse and/or family wouldn't approve

5. Friends and/or colleagues wouldn't approve

6. I postponed or simply haven't had time to do it

7. Lack of training or skills

8. Not well timed

9. Would change children

10. I don't want to make a career change at this time

11. Other (Specify on answer sheet)

12. Do you feel that your major work activity makes a contribution to society?

1. Definitely yes

2. Most of the time

3. Some of the time

4. Almost none of the time

5. Definitely no

6. Not applicable

13. On the average, how many hours of each 24-hour weekday do you spend on the following activities? (Indicate number of hours for each activity on the answer sheet in the space that has been provided.)

1. Work at a regular job

2. Work related travel to attending business (train, taxi, etc.)

3. Housework

4. Time with my children

5. Time with my spouse or lover

6. Time with my family (reading, thinking, writing, and so on)

7. Time volunteered to help others

8. Sleeping

14. If you could choose your life style, how many hours would you spend on the following activities? (Indicate number of hours for each activity on the answer sheet in the space provided.)

1. Almost all the time

2. Most of the time

3. Fairly often

4. Occasionally

5. Rarely

6. Almost never

15. How often do you feel that you are a major person or professional endeavor?

1. Almost all the time

2. Most of the time

3. Fairly often

4. Occasionally

5. Rarely

6. Almost never

16. Do you recall ever having failed at a major personal or professional endeavor?

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2. Yes, but I feel it was a discouraging experience

3. Yes, and it was a discouraging experience

4. No

5. Not applicable

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4. Occasionally

5. Rarely

6. Almost never

18. Do you wish you had made a major change in the kind of work you do but feel you can't at this time, what are the reasons? (On the answer sheet circle as many as apply.)

1. Level of income

2. Loss of prestige

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4. Spouse and/or family wouldn't approve

5. Friends and/or colleagues wouldn't approve

6. I postponed or simply haven't had time to do it

7. Lack of training or skills

8. Not well timed

9. Would change children

10. I don't want to make a career change at this time

11. Other (Specify on answer sheet)

12. Do you feel that your major work activity makes a contribution to society?

1. Definitely yes

2. Most of the time

3. Some of the time

4. Almost none of the time

5. Definitely no

6. Not applicable

8. No decent opportunities at my age

9. Lack of training or skills

10. Not well timed

11. Would change children

12. I don't want to make a career change at this time

13. Other (Specify on answer sheet)

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1. Almost all the time

2. Most of the time

AN ESQUIRE QUESTIONNAIRE

41. In addition to coping and direct problem-solving, how do you typically react to various problems or periods of great uncertainty in your life? (Circle an answer; numbers on the interest sheet to apply.)

1. Remove most time and energy to work
2. Devote more time and energy to recreation
3. Develop physical symptoms (headaches, ulcers, diarrhea, insomnia, and so on)
4. Do more drinking, eating, taking drugs, and so on
5. Seek new romantic or social sexual experiences
6. Pray publicly that the problem doesn't exist
7. Depend on friends and associates for help
8. See a counselor or therapist
9. Mostly wait until the problem solves itself
10. Try to see the humorous side of the situation
11. Escape via fantasy
12. Pray, seek help from God
13. Other (Specify on answer sheet)

42. Is there one person, about five or ten years older than you, who serves as a model for the way you would like to be at that age?

1. No
2. No, but there are a few people of that age whose combined good qualities serve as my model. (Specify what are these good qualities? Please list on the answer sheet.)
3. Yes. (Specify who are their person's good qualities? Please list on the answer sheet.)

43. Did you have (or do you have) a mentor—an older, experienced person who has helped to guide, encourage, and inspire you over a period of your earlier age life?

1. No
2. Yes
3. Yes, more than one



44. What age were you growing up, what you completed?

1. Lower class
2. Middle/upper class
3. Middle class
4. Upper middle class
5. Upper class

45. What is the highest level of education you have completed?

1. Grade school or less
2. Some high school
3. Graduated from high school
4. Some college
5. Graduated from college
6. Some graduate or postgraduate school
7. Earned a degree of professional degree

46. How old were you when you first lost interest in sex? (Write age on answer sheet.)



47. At what age did you, or do you think you will, reach your highest level of sexual satisfaction? (Write age on answer sheet.)

1. What state do you live in?
2. Metropolitan (with a population of at least 1 million)
3. Large city (with a population of at least 100,000)
4. Medium size city (with a population of at least 100,000)
5. Small city (with a population of at least 25,000)
6. Suburb
7. Small town (with a population of at least 10,000)
8. Rural area (with a population less than 10,000)

48. What state do you live in? (If not in the United States, what country?) (Write on answer sheet.)

1. Lower management: firm or national level
2. Middle management: Administrative
3. Middle management: division manager
4. Vice-president or equivalent
5. President or chairman of the board
6. Not applicable

49. How would you describe yourself?

1. Very religious
2. Moderately religious
3. Slightly religious
4. Not at all religious
5. Atheist/agnostic

50. What is your religion?

1. Catholic
2. Protestant
3. Jewish
4. Agnostic/Atheist
5. Other (Specify on answer sheet)

51. Which of the following statements describes you best?

1. I've never been very religious
2. I was religious at an earlier point in my life but am not religious now
3. I was not very religious earlier in my life but am religious now
4. I have always been very religious

52. What is your total annual income?

1. Less than \$15,000
2. \$15,000 to \$25,000
3. \$25,000 to \$35,000
4. \$35,000 to \$45,000
5. \$45,000 to \$55,000
6. \$55,000 to \$65,000
7. \$65,000 to \$75,000
8. \$75,000 to \$85,000
9. \$85,000 or more

53. Which of the following best describes your occupation?

1. Artist, writer, craftsman
2. Farmer
3. Housewife
4. Manager, administrator

5. Professional with advanced degree (e.g., doctor, lawyer)
6. Self-employed or occasional worker
7. Unemployed
8. Teacher: elementary, middle, secondary school
9. Teacher: college, doctoral worker
10. White-collar worker (executive, sales, clerical)
11. Retired
12. Unemployed
13. Other (Specify on answer sheet)

54. If you are self-employed, how would you classify the work that you do?

1. Own a private business with fewer than 25 employees
2. Own a private business with 25 to 100 employees
3. Own a private business with more than 100 employees
4. Free-lance
5. Consultant
6. Contractor
7. Not applicable
8. Other (Specify on answer sheet)

55. If you work for a company, organization, or institution, how many people does it employ? (Include all officers or branches and all types of workers.)

1. Fewer than 50
2. 50 to 99
3. 100 to 499
4. 500 to 999
5. 1,000 to 1,999
6. 2,000 to 4,999
7. 5,000 to 9,999
8. More than 10,000
9. Not applicable

56. If you hold a managerial position in a company, organization, or institution, how would you characterize the level of this position?

1. Lower management: firm or national level
2. Middle management: Administrative
3. Middle management: division manager
4. Vice-president or equivalent
5. President or chairman of the board
6. Not applicable

Now please write your answers to the final three questions on a separate sheet of paper and mail it back to us with your answer sheet.

57. When we are getting to know another person, we usually arrive, bit by bit, the characteristics that define us—for example, "I am married, a former state-champion driver, an ambitious young executive, a very controlled person, a person who loves camping, not a very good father?" Another example: "I am an accountant, mother of two children, a reformer, a person who likes privacy, concerned about proper sexual standards?" Please describe yourself in your own words. Answer the question "Who are you?" as accurately as you can with five different self-descriptive phrases.

58. Again in two phrases, please describe yourself as you would like to be ten years from now. This should be a realistic picture, not a wild fantasy. Consider what you will be like in ten years—how you will describe yourself then—if everything goes well for you between now and then.

59. When it is right, he's right. White rum and tonic were made for each other.



"The Nastase introduced us to white rum and tonic"

"One day when I was photographing a match for a tennis magazine, the Nastase came over to say hello. He displayed his usual charm—and then proceeded to tell me how much he hated one of my pictures of him in a recent issue.

That night, in a spirit of atonement, he took Bob and me out to a Japanese restaurant. Before dinner, he ordered Puerto Rican white rum and tonic, a drink we had never tried before. We were intrigued, so we ordered the same.

When it is right, he's right. White rum and tonic were made for each other.

A Rumrunner in a Japanese restaurant introducing two Americans to Puerto Rican white rum.

That's how we got on to a good thing!

Convert yourself.

Instead of passively ordering gin and tonic, try white rum and tonic. Canada Dry is the classic rummer tonic. And Puerto Rican Rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka—for a very good reason. Under gin or vodka, where rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least a full year before it is bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the wine of the grape.



PUERTO RICAN RUM
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free, Light Puerto Rican Rum, bottles with Puerto Rican Rum. Dept. 6-4, 890 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C. 10020. ©1983 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

HOW TO USE THE ANSWER SHEET

Please cut out this answer sheet and use it to record your answers to the questionnaire.

Read carefully the questions that begin on page 47.

After reading each question, indicate your answer to it by circling the appropriate number or numbers opposite the question on the answer sheet. For some questions we ask you to write in on an answer on the answer sheet. (Points indicate the numbers in parentheses.) They are necessary to tabulate your answers.

If there is any question that does not apply to you or that you prefer not to answer, skip it and go on to the next. All replies are anonymous and completely confidential. Only if you would be willing to volunteer for a potential interview should you sign your name in the space indicated on the answer sheet. The value of the questionnaire will depend on your candor and the thoughtfulness of your answers.

When you have completed the questionnaire and filled in your answers, mail the answer sheet to:

Esquire Magazine
July Questionnaire
488 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

The deadline is July 30, 1985. But send us your answers as soon as you can. We would like to hear from you in two weeks.



Remember to answer questions 63-65 on a separate sheet of paper and equipping each this answer sheet.

This questionnaire is confidential. You need not give your name and address. However, if you would be willing to volunteer for a potential interview, please provide the following information (Please print.)

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Auto DeLuxe

by Terry Cook

For the individualist who wants no part of compact conformity, limited-edition luxury cars, costing up to \$88,000, bring back the glories of the golden age.

The government insists that, by 1985, new cars get 27.5 miles to the gallon. market research claims the automobile

is no longer a sex symbol. Detroit doesn't even manufacture convertibles anymore. Where can a man turn if he wants to proclaim his individuality through what he drives?

In response to growing complaints of drivers who yearn for the golden age of motorcars, growing numbers of custom builders are turning out magnificent reproductions of classic autos. On the next seven pages we give you a private showing of some of their products. Hand crafted and hand-built by loving art-

isans, these restorers cut a niche of their own from Elva to Shelby and offer the additional allure of limited-edition production. Most are made with domestic power plants and mechanicals, so when you have a problem you can simply drag the car off to

your nearest Ford or GM dealer. American such as cruise control, automatic transmission, air conditioning, and power windows are standard equipment. The choice of color is yours, and in restoration fabrics, you're not in a vehicle that would suit a museum. Insurance isn't a problem either, because these vehicles are too obvious to tamper with. And should you happen to scratch a fender, just pop up and order a new one (at a price).

Some of these beaut even open their doors, so you can look at them as a constraint. Best of all, unlike most old classics, these cars start rather than catch fire when you turn the key.



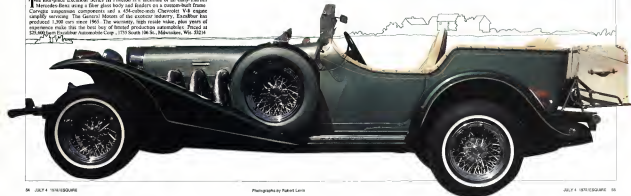
Grandeur Opera Coupe



If you're looking for something a bit posh, how about the Grandeur Opera Coupe? A Cadillac Seville that has had the rear seat portion removed and the nose extended, it is powered by a pair of five valve-in-head engines. Also available in a more road-fair door mode. In excess of a hundred of these beauties are based on America's highways. Price: \$42,500 (or \$44,500 west of the Mississippi River) from Grandeur Motor Car Corp., 1401 SW Eighth St., Pompano Beach, Fla. 33060.

Excalibur Series III Phaeton

The four-place Excalibur Series III Phaeton is a facsimile of an early-Thirties Mercedes-Benz using a fiber glass body and fenders on a custom-built frame. Corvette suspension components and a 454-cubic-inch Chevrolet V-8 engine supply servicing. The General Motors of the exotic car industry, Excalibur has produced 1,200 cars since 1965. The warranty, high resale value, plus years of experience make this the best buy of limited production automobiles. Priced at \$21,800 (from Excalibur Automobile Corp., 3735 South 136 St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53214).





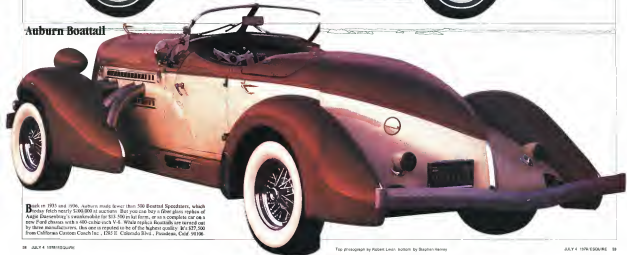
The Renaissance is a four-passenger touring car reminiscent of elegant vehicles of the 1930s like the Daimler. Not a replica of any one car, the 144-inch wheelbase, two-and-a-half-ton coupe rides and handles well because it is based upon a modified three-quarter ton Ford van chassis. Along with Ford running gear and suspension and 400 cubic-inch V-8 engine, the owner has a choice of automatic or manual transmissions. In his attention to details, such as the hand-finished, gold-painted steel bumpers and authentic stainless steel-clad sixteen-inch wheels, the designer has created a new classic. Priced at \$52,500 from Le Voyageur Classic Coachbuilders, P.O. Box 100, St. Sauveur des Monts, Quebec J0R 1B0.

Stutz Blackhawk VI



The mid-1990s Stutz Blackhawk VI is a new Porsche Grand Prix chassis that has been shipped to Turin, Italy, for a hand-tanned steel body. It features a genuine rear deck-mounted spare, hand-stained leather upholstery, deep New Zealand lamb's wool carpeting, and gold-finished mirrorwork in the interior. For the discerning owner, however, one might expect steel wire wheels rather than alloys. There is a more expensive four-door limousine that is particularly popular in South America. Priced at \$44,500 from Stutz Motor Car of America Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10039.

Auburn Boatall



Back in 1935 and 1936, Auburn made fewer than 500 Boatall Speedsters, which today fetch nearly \$300,000 at auctions. But you can buy a fine glass replica of Aage Damsberg's swankster for \$13,500 in kit form, or as a complete car on a new Ford chassis with a 400-cubic-inch V-8. While replica Boatalls are turned out by three manufacturers, this one is reputed to be of the highest quality. It's \$27,500 from California Custom Coach Inc., 1282 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, Calif. 91106.

Top photograph by Robert Levin. Bottom: by Stephen Henry

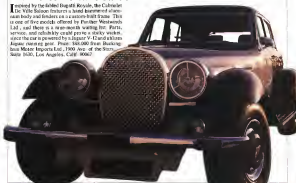
Clénet

A relative newcomer, the Clénet is a two-passenger roadster constructed on a Mark V Continental chassis. A highly modified British-Leyland body has been skillfully camouflaged with sweeping fiber glass fenders and steel hood and side panels and is powered by a 400-cubic-inch Ford V-8. Only 250 will be built. Owners will be offered first refusal on a \$65,000 four-passenger model in the works. It is priced at \$44,500 from Clénet Coachworks Inc., 405-P South Placerville Ave., Santa Barbara, Calif. 93107.



Cabriolet De Ville Saloon

Inspired by the famed Bugatti Royale, the Cabriolet De Ville Saloon features a hand-hammered aluminum body and fenders on a custom-built frame. This is one of five models offered by Panther Westwinds Ltd., and there is a year-month waiting list. Parts, service, and reliability could prove a sticky wicket, since the car is powered by a Jaguar V-12 and a 14-hp Jaguar running gear. Price: \$40,000 from Buckingham Motor Imports Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 5020, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067.



Photographs by Stephen Harnoy

Dean Martin's Closest Friend Is Frank Sinatra

(He Sees Him Twice a Year)

by Jean Vallety

"I married Dean not knowing him" says his ex-wife. "Twenty-three years later I still didn't know him."

When played our parts well, about Dean Martin and I. His vaudeville no my Chicago. Except this time we were not waiting for Godot but for Dean Martin. Look, says Martin, a pleasant enough man who has been Dean Martin's agent for fourteen years, "Dean just doesn't do interviews. Why don't you take me to lunch, ask me any questions you would ask Dean, I'll answer them, and you can quote me as if I were Dean. I know him very, very well. I know he'll be answer to all the questions you could possibly ask. I do it with reporters all the time. Look," Martin goes on, "all Dean does is play golf, work, watch television, go out in a few restaurants, and is in bed early. That's it."

For that, I had to wait two weeks before Martin returned my calls. How long would it take to wait for Martin, and why the hell would anyone take the trouble?

Because he's there, there's been Dean Martin is sixty-one years old. He has been in show business for thirty-seven years, and for most of that time at the top. In 1954 he became the richest man in the world, a record he held for a year. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were the biggest act in show business, pulling down \$2 million in 1956, and Martin walked. Those who claim to know these things purchased the complete and utter demise of Dean Martin. Martin got not so well, he threw. He soaked right back up to the top, a bigger act than ever.

He has been called the total entertainer, a quadruple threat: his studio efforts in and out of movies, music, clubs, and television. He has ap-



Dean Martin is the more nobody knows

peared in thirty-eight motion pictures, recorded more than 500 songs, is \$80 in Vegas, and this October marks his fourteenth consecutive season with NBC, his performance of his own series and specials. An impressive record. Extensive show business personalities such as Elton Presley, Bing Crosby, Frank

Sinatra, Burt Reynolds, and Sammy Davis Jr. have triumphed in several of these programs, but not all. Comedy had a television series for only one season. Hope never made it big in comedy. Dean Martin, incredibly, has done it all.

Not bad for a guy who can't dance, has never attended an acting class, written none of his own material, can't read a note of music, and Enrico Caruso he isn't—he's not even Vic Damone. Dean Martin has been playing the very same role since the beginning. Everybody knows it. Every Dean Martin fan has heard the same jokes, the same songs, the same routine over and over. It doesn't matter. People love him. My mother from Boston whom I have never heard swear and who rarely has more than two drinks at any given time and who happens to be the family man every Thursday night to watch Dean. The sixteen-year-old who lives below me thinks Dean Martin is "just" a comedian who cringe at his boozing and broad jokes make excuses for him. Men whose wife I respect that Dean Martin is great.

"Everybody loves a drunk," Dean Martin once said. So he stumbles on stage, slurs his words, staggers in time, and catches in double entendres. But he is ultimately lovable, an old lovable dog you keep going back for. And he has paraded his old tricks as a farce. It is said in Hollywood that Dean Martin is the Italian Bob Hope. Hope owns large chunks of the San Fernando Valley, Martin, Ventura County. Martin is one of the single largest landowners in Ventura County, north of Los Angeles, and according to a friend, "doesn't even know how to get to Oxnard." It is rumored that Dean Martin is worth in excess of \$30 million.

One would think that a man who has been in the public eye for more than three decades would be, at the very least, over-

exposed. Not so. He really doesn't give interviews. There is little written about him. He has few friends, and they say that Martin thinks of himself as boring, has nothing to say, and that, besides, no one cares. He has his golfing buddies, whom he keeps separate from his drinking buddies, whom he keeps separate from his working buddies, whom he keeps separate from his family. His close friends are Vivien, accompanist Ken Lane, who has worked with Martin for twenty-four years, record and guitar coordinator Mick Guss, who has been with him for twenty-nine years, and writer Barry Crane, who has also been with Martin for twenty-one years. His friends who have known him all their lives are people whom he has worked closely with him say they know no more about him than I do. He is a wonderful guy, they all say, a hard worker, a real pro, loud, boist, loves to play golf, watches a lot of television—especially news with which he favors Mary Tyler Moore—and enjoys going to restaurants, particularly Chasen's and Italia and Chinese joints. His closest friend is Frank Sinatra, whom he sees about twice a year.

"There is just no way he is going to sit down and open up," says his son Dean Martin Jr., twenty-six. "He doesn't do that to his closest friends. He occasionally tells you what he feels, what he's really feeling. I don't know what very well, but he has never had a momentary nervous heart conversation. To the public he is very simple, but the truth is that he is very complex. The things he likes to do best are get into his car, drive to the golf course, drive home, play some cards, watch the football game on TV, and then go to bed. He is very, very outgoing, but he knows exactly what he is doing. What he does has just done for so long it has become a part of him. He wants to maintain the thing."

"When I met Dean Martin, he was late at night," says his ex-wife, Jeanne Martin. "I started him knowing nothing about him. I divorced him twenty-five years later and I still know nothing about him."

Mart Vener calls me the second time. I have refused his offer of a satirical interview. Okay, Martin is taping two of his NBC routines Las Vegas over the weekend. He will roast Jimmy Stewart and Jack Klugman. There might be a chance to see him there. The Once-Martin Celebrity House has been taped at the MGM Grand in Vegas for the past five years, and it is a sure success. Martin has a deal with MGM: eight weeks a year in six hotels at more than \$200,000 a week. His deal with NBC isn't exactly chopped liver. It is difficult to nail down the precise numbers, but five years ago when Martin negotiated with the network, he emerged with \$35 million for three years. At that time he was doing thirty shows a year. Now he is doing six, with an occasional

Martin is worth more than \$50 million. Movies, nightclubs, records, television — he's done it all.

special. However, in fact, according to his agent, the new deal works out better for Martin financially.

The Strip Room at the MGM Grand is an atmosphere of intimacy—red with red roses and lots of brown and gold. Despite it is a date with a huge portrait of Jimmy Stewart on the man of the hour hanging high above it. Fake candles glow against the back wall behind the door. The Strip Room holds 900 people and is packed. The film has been running in love since the first morning. The taping begins at two-thirty. Once inside, they will be virtual prisoners for two hours, which is how long it takes to tape one of these movies. And if you think it is a disaster, like the present the show on the tube, forget it. No food or drinks are allowed.

Greg Gerson, the producer and director, steps out to warm up the crowd. He is an affable man with his brown eyes, salt and pepper hair, a hint of a paunch—and he is given to the Palm Springs style of sweaters and golf shirts. He explains that George Burns, Gene Krupa, and Harry Belafonte were unable to make it. Martin has the audience. But, "through the wonders of modern television," he says, the three will be dubbed at later, and when we all see the show on television no one will ever know the difference. So, he says, Gerson looks like a third grade teacher when any reference are made to one of the missing three. See, the audience, are not to laugh, sneeze, or otherwise give away the little secret.

Milton Berle strolls onto the stage. He coaches the warm-up. "You got in for nothing because the show is good for nothing. The crowd loves it. Berle tests the audience level. Finally the lights go down and the show is introduced. Red Buttons, Lucille Ball, Gene Kelly, Barry Goldwater, LaWanda Page, Eddie Albert, Foster Brooks, Tony Randall, Rock Little, Mickey Rooney, Joel Lough, Milton Berle, Jesse White, Orson Welles, and a Dean Martin. The crowd erupts. Martin watches out. Drink in one hand, cigarette in the other—and the film goes on. Debutant Jimmy Stewart and the show is under way. Martin sees the pace. "When Jimmy Stewart is in a romantic mood," Gerson, his wife, can hear him saying. Martin introduces Berle. "Don't I look like a poor doctor? It's all right, you're still alive." Dean becomes a bare again now." Lucille Ball

turns to Stewart, "Jimmy Stewart, the man who brought new meaning to the word Yulium." Jimmy Stewart, the next symbol for women who no longer care? It goes on and on.

Senator Barry Goldwater picks up the ball. "There was a little rap on the air in Washington and Dave took it." Martin introduces Mickey Rooney. "Every time I passed him backstage he was saying 'Shut People'." Rooney, who looks old, has glasses strapped to his head like a basketball player. LaWanda Page of *Sawford and Son* is next. She harp on at Rooney. "He went to Ireland to trace his roots and found it was a shame." Ruth Brown comes in, kissing Martin with her pocketbook. Red Buttons, who looks older than Rooney, does his shirk about never getting a dinner, a roast, himself. Foster Brooks, whoever he is, follows Buttons. All I can remember about Brooks is that he gives a drink who looks like Tony Randall comes on and makes a perfectable job of Dean Martin's smoking. Martin is obviously not amused and Randall looks uncomfortable. Orson Welles, who is as big as a whale, is there to add a touch of class. He can't pull it off.

The hosts are peppered with jokes and broad jokes, real locker room stuff. Dolly Parton and Raquel Welch are the prime targets. There are no fewer than five Dolly Parton jokes. Parton after that goes down. Inside after inside. People, it seems, just love to see other people get down.

Finally it is over, or almost. As the crowd erupts, I catch the sign and Dean Martin. But he is too early. He is off and out of sight in a flash. He talks to no one, acknowledges a few with a smile. There is an unspoken rule that no one talks to Martin. When the room is empty, Gerson begins some pitch-up work. Martin no longer, drink in hand, and redoes some of the lines he has blown. Gerson stands off to the side and mouths the script word for word. It looks like a mannequin from Saturday Night Live. Martin introduces the movie George Burns. Gerson goes off to the side pretending to be George Burns, complete with cigar. They will rub in the laughter later. Martin does a three lines before he gets it right. Then comes the Gene Krupa stage. Martin blows it. He does it again, all the while Gerson is mouthing the script. Gerson interrupts. "Take out the line about the beautiful redhead. We say that about Lucille Ball." Martin does the same three lines. He misses the Foster Brooks and Foster Brooks introductions. Suddenly rushes onto the stage and loathes up Martin's makeup. Martin grabs his drink and smokes a piped smile. He has mispronounced Joel Lough's name and that must be corrected. Martin splits. Rich

Night Martin the handsome straight singer in Martin & Lewis the Piffers big act



Little appears and redoes his segment on *Little Friends*. I make one more run at Martin and we stop.

The next day Dean Martin returns Jack Klugman. Gorman wears out the sidekick. Don Rickles won't be here today as promised, but through the wonders of modern television. "Mike Burke steps out. 'You got in for nothing, because the show is on for nothing.' On Martin stumbles drunk in one hand, one eye in the other. He introduces Jack Klugman and blows it. He turns to Connie Stevens and marries it. 'I am so sick of these fucking roses.'"

This is not a good day for Dean. I am told, and I had time to try and interview him. He said talk to me, I am assured, but not today.

The *Dean Martin Crickets* *Audrey Meadows* out of the show. Martin is 50 years old. Martin's long association with Gert Gorman. Sixteen years ago, Gorman, who had directed *Four Seasons of Show*, and *The Kate Smith Show* and *Glow Kelly* calls, and I call him. I ask him. The lawyer had been talking with Dean Martin's agent, and he thought it might be a good idea if Gorman and Martin got to guitar. Martin was doing a special and I thought the first time they were together, perhaps it was time. Martin's lawyer Gorman was with and wanted to test the chemistry. Gorman was agreeable. Martin was performing in Las Vegas at the time, and Gorman, who had never seen the show, flew to Vegas. Dean gave a magnificent, delightful performance, recalls Gorman, "but I thought, holy caudex, how does he do it? It's just a touch bombed throughout the whole thing. Gorman made his way to Martin's dressing room. 'Hi, Dean. How's it go?' 'How ya doing?' 'You son of a bitch,' said Gorman, 'you're taller.' Martin liked the chemistry.

The two had at least one thing in common. Both were wanted to spend as little time as possible on their craft. Martin's passion is golf, and Gorman's passion is Arabian horses and race cars. They went ahead with the special. 'He would work in crowded rooms. At two minutes to two.' recalls Gorman, "and say, 'Hi, pal, what time do you think we'll be through?' And I would say five or a clock. Dean says fine, and we would start to rehearse. We finished at three-thirty. That's it. I said, and Dean says fine, see you tomorrow. The next day at two minutes to ten Dean would walk in. 'Hi, pal. What time do you think we'll be finished today?' And I said two. It got to be a little game. Dean would start at two minutes before he was done, you could not play watch by it, and I would not know only I could get him out. Also we found that the more we rehearsed a piece the staler it got. The new material was playing better. Dean is the funniest guy I've ever worked with. We just kept putting in new

Martin stumbles on, drink in one hand, cigarette in the other. "I'm sick of these roasts," he says.

material. Finally, the show was seventy-five percent new stuff. It was a crazy gamble, but it worked. Dean never said a word."

Gorman bumped into Martin six months later at a basketball game. "Hi, pal. How ya doing?" says Martin. "We got to do it again sometime." Three months later there was a call. Martin wants to see Gorman. Gorman goes over to his house. "Hey, that was a good game," says Martin to Gorman and starts running down plays of the basketball that happened the night before, not three months ago. "Hey, pal," he says to Gorman, "they want us to do a television show over at NBC." Gorman acknowledges that sounds like a good idea. "Every week," adds Martin. "That's an even better idea," says Gorman. "You want to do it?" says Martin. "Yeah," says Gorman. Silence. Gorman waits for Martin to say something. Martin waits for Gorman to say something. "You like basketball?" asks Martin. "Yeah," says Gorman. "Wanna go to a game next week?" "Sure," says Gorman. "Call me," says Martin.

Gorman did. Martin didn't look him in a game but told him to come over. He was scouting a movie. The two sat and watched, saying almost nothing to each other. "That was the only time in the past sixteen years," says Gorman, "that I've gotten a call from Dean saying why don't you come over to the house. I have had two phone calls from Dean in sixteen years. One was about five years ago when he got married for the third time. 'Hi, pal. You got the number of our tennis date?' Chris is driving me nuts. She went to New York to get a divorce or something." The next call was about three years ago. Dean had seen a show that I had done on country music. My horse was in it. He called. "Jason, I saw your show, was that your horse?" His past went on and on about my horse. That is the total of my relationship with Dean. Martin.

The weekly variety show was on the air for nine years, thirty shows a year, plus twelve repeats, plus ten summer specials so that the Dean Martin name got to be fixed fifty-two weeks a year. It was all done on Monday's hours. Every Monday, Gorman would start the musical rehearsal with the guest stars, moving on to the sketches. There was a stand-in for Martin. They did everything that had to be

done Monday through Thursday. On Wednesday or Thursday Gorman would record with a piano track all of Martin's songs. Someone else would sing the vocals. The tape was sent to Monty Yovan, who passed it along to Martin. Dean would plug the cassette into his car and listen to the songs on his way to and from the golf course and to the studio on Friday and maybe, just maybe, if there wasn't a basketball or football game on, maybe he would plug it into his house at night.

At noon on Friday, Martin would arrive in the studio in Burbank. "Hi, pal. How ya doing?" From noon to twelve-thirty he would rehearse. First alone and then with a guest. He went through all the music in the show he had to do. At twelve-thirty Martin would report to his dressing room. At one p.m., with Dean in his dressing room and Gorman playing his part, there would be a run-through of the show. Gorman would do all of Martin's material, the dialogue. Taking the songs when Martin was supposed to sing, right down to when he would do the song. At two the show would break for lunch. At three, Gorman would bring Martin on, and he would rehearse the music on Gorman with the guests, and sometimes, very rarely, if the guests were interested, Gorman would get Martin to do part of a sketch, not all of it, just the complicated part. At five p.m. *The Dean Martin Show* was taped. Martin usually worked a three-hour week. The guests who didn't like it were simply not asked back.

The show had an enormous success, but in the last years the ratings began to slip. "We could see that there was going to be one more year and then that was it," says Gorman. "So we thought we would try something a little bit different. Gorman, twenty years before, had worked on a pilot based on the old *Prior's Clubhouse*. It didn't fly then, but Gorman felt that maybe, tucked into the end of the twenty shows, the next night work one. So in 1974, the last year of the twenty show, Gorman and company did twenty six half-hour and four-hour nights, meeting guests on the show. Halfway through the season, the ratings started to climb. The first half of the show was just lying there, but people were tuning in for the last thirty minutes. "NBC doesn't have to be in the lead with these things," smiled Gorman. "They came in so and wanted to know if we would be interested in doing some more for them the next season."

"How many?" asked Martin. "We'll try a half season," said Gorman, "with two or three variety specials." The music went moved to the MGM Grand. Most of the stars they wanted were there anyway, and besides, 900 people packed into the Ziegfeld Room was better than a studio audience. The guests are paid \$2,500 plus travel. There was a stand-in for Martin. Some of the guests double up and do two

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"No cute writing"

DICK CAWETT, TALK-SHOW HOST: A READER SINCE 1953



shows over one weekend. Ten writers shared out the jokes for each roast. Jim Van Wagon and Don Rickles are the only guests allowed to write their own material. The guests are sent the material in time for them about a week before the show. No one is allowed to see the other guests' material, and the inclusion of the guest of honor and Dick Martin (if guest) should decide from the written text. Cavett merely sets the informal agenda out of the show. A guest who has not done well but who Garrison thinks can be saved will be rescued without an audience if the segment just doesn't work. It ends up on the cutting room floor.

Martin, Garrison, the writers' editors, and cameramen aside, the person with the most important job on the show is the one in charge of cue cards. This is most difficultly a cue card show. All the jokes are written, in bright green, on cue cards nearly the size of the billboards on Sunset Strip. The cards are so big that it takes two men and a dolly to wheel the cards into the Zigfield Room at the beginning of each show.

Most stars walk. Pick-ups are being done for the Jimmy Stewart and Jack Klugman roasts at NBC in Burbank. Finally it looks like I get to go to Dick Martin. Martin's entire introduction for the Klugman roast will be read.

The dais has been disassembled, shipped from Vegas, and reassembled in Studio 4, minus a few seats, too, to be exact. It looks like a mere rest is about to take place. The arrival of Jimmy Stewart brings cheer. The roasts for the studio have spaced the same five-wait. Henry Fonda walks in dressed in his hat and knowing and George Burns arrives next in his hat and cigar. Burns takes his place. Arthur Garrison needs to get an entrance. Burns walks slowly, smiling, preparing with his cap and the audience (which now consists of his crew members). Garrison shows Burns where he is to sit and indicates where Jimmy Stewart sits. Garrison, behind the podium, is playing Dick Martin. Ladies and gentlemen, my good friend George Burns. Burns gets up, smiling at the clapping crew, and walks to the podium. Burns turns to Garrison, who is now playing Jack Klugman. "Oh, Jimmy, I am delighted to be here. Your fellowers has been from the cards, waiting for the beginning, which will be delayed in later. Dick Garrison has Burns at down for rescue shots. "Smile." "Laugh." "Rickles has just finished you." A screen looks. Burns obliges. "I feel like an idiot," Burns states.

The crew jumps into gear, switches the Jimmy Stewart portrait, and replaces it with a smiling Jack Klugman. "Jimmy, you're amazing. Dick Martin is so well known. He lights a cigarette the smoke. Kettle, I think a few bands—he looks slightly depressed. "Dick is a heavy drinker," says someone who has known him long time, "but he can handle it. He's very high

On his TV show, Martin worked a three-hour week. Guests who didn't like it were simply not asked back.

a glow on. Martin goes behind the podium and does his Klugman introduction again. Garrison is now playing Melite Martin. Martin turns to Garrison. "Hi, I'm Melite. I'm a man of a thousand jokes, all belonging to other people. Martin blows a kiss. "Let's do it again," says Garrison, now playing Garrison. Martin mumbles. "The most difficult part of doing this show is trying to remember where everyone sat." Martin comes to Tony Randall, and, remembering the cigarette incident, utters, "My handwriting is better than he is." Martin does an introduction for Don Rickles. "Dick," says Garrison. "We'll use the same. Rickles' introduction for both shows." Rickles doesn't know this yet, but Garrison is going to put him to do not only his Klugman bit but also one for Jimmy Stewart. Garrison will say Melite's introduction for both shows. It doesn't matter. All the parts are interchangeable. Martin turns to Garrison, who is now playing Jack Klugman, and trips up on the words, slurring them. "If Martin's friends did this they'd call it a joke," mumbles Martin.

That's it. Martin bows for the door. "I got lost. I took up, took my hand out, and introduced myself. "You should have seen the people looking at me on the freeway on 55th street. I say, he says to me. "He's a single going to a party or coming home from a party. "While I'm trying to think of something witty to say, he pumps Henry Fonda's hand and slips through the door. He says, Dick Martin is gone and I'm left wishing Garrison ran through the machine with Fonda (taping an entrance, the jokes, the reaction shot). George Burns arrives and is put through the same paces. "You were great," says Garrison. "She said, 'I am very popular with the low-budget shows.'"

We wait for Don Rickles. He is rehearsing his own show as a security measure. He finally comes bounding in, dressed in a tan jacket and how his crew wears pants and suspenders. The crew begins to spread out in a huge semicircle in front of the dais, snarling cue cards with the names of all the guests who attended the roasts in front of where they would be sitting if this were a real roast.

Rickles studies the cue cards briefly. "Oh I didn't make the trip," he cracks. "Who's Katherine Helmond?" They tap his entrance and then the most bizarre thing occurs. Rickles stands behind the

podium and proceeds to maul the cue cards as if they were real people. "A lot of big names here," he makes a face. "Jack Klugman, why him?" Rickles utters at the Klugman roast. "He says to wipe the sweat off his face. "Melite Martin," he yells at the Melite Martin cue card, "my idol, a wonderful guy, forty-five years in the business and he doesn't smile any more. He finished, Melite. I've over," and Robert Gable, he makes a face. "Gable, who's he?" "He's, Dick, Rickles screams at the Dick Martin cue card, "has the board of health checked out your mouth?"

And Dick Martin, you never get your dinner and you never will. "Katherine Helmond," Garrison utters. "She's!" And Tony Randall, he yells at a piece of paper, "when you die we are all going to throw cigarette butts into your coffin." Rickles looks like a man possessed.

Garrison then sprays the Jimmy Stewart play on Rickles. "You suckered me!" says Rickles. The crew spreads out some new cue cards on the floor. Rickles takes a deep breath, looks at the podium, and goes on. "I'm sure to be here with the great Henry Fonda, but I wonder how long he'll be awake. "I kid you, Jimmy, but what can you do about it?" Rickles clears his throat. He looks at the LaWanda Page cue card. "They have you on most of the show and there's still out on the radio." He looks at George Burns, who is up on a table in the park and says, "Hi, I'm George Burns. They're going to put you away. George." "Lucy!" he yells at the Lucille Ball cue card. "I spoke with your children and they want to know how you are going to sell the wafers."

Guy Garrison refers to the counts as the last of live television, but as to that, these shows are the biggest fraud going. Dick looks a half dead by the time the show airs. The five-to-fifty-minute live show Garrison written has been chronized and there are between 800 and 1,200 additional edits in such shows. Anytime anyone mentions the segment is muted or cut. The laugh track is a musical and, in some cases, the guests aren't even there.

Yet the counts have declined. This past season NBC aired three one-hour roasts, two two-hour roasts, and one one-and-a-half-hour roast. NBC has contracted along these same terms for next season. The shows, it is beginning to think, are the only time I'll see the man. When I say two and a half, Jimmy Martin says, "Dick is the greatest actor since all of time." She should know. She was married to him for twenty-three years.

She tells a broader story. "Dick Martin was an enigma. He has befuddled everyone from the world of TV. I can't figure him out. He has very few friends. He works, plays golf, watches television, likes to eat out and hates parties." She tells about a time she and Dick visited Knoxville, Ohio, where Dick was born and raised. A childhood friend was throwing home

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moves. "The boys were sixteen or seventeen," recalls Jerome. "The girls were in a park, and the happy couple, pointed across the group of boys playing, and came to a rest with this boy looking against it all along, kind of dipping at the dirt. It was Dean. All the girls were love me fan-club Dean."

Television is just one aspect of Dean Martin's career. Songs and movies are another. Martin has recorded over 300 songs, made over 100 albums, 60 of which have gone gold and four of which have gone platinum. From 1948 to 1953, he recorded some eighty-five songs for Capitol Records, such ones as "Sing A Sing A Sing Blues," "Chasin' a Girl," "Wham! Bam! Thank You Ma'am!" "Love Me Like You," and "How Do You Like Your Eggs in the Morning?" Obviously, none of these records sold too many, but Martin kept on recording, getting in his kids, working on his knees (in 1953, he broke through with "That's Amore" "O When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that's amore"). That was his first gold record. His second gold record was "Memories Are Made of This." From that on, the gold records came at frequent intervals. In one eighteen-month period, seven Dean Martin gold albums were released in succession.

Martin's approach to recordings made the most of his approach to television. No sweat. In 1964, Martin was putting together an album and had picked eleven songs and needed one more. Ken Lane, his secretary, suggested he record a new Lane had written in 1948. Lane played a few bars, Martin liked it, and the tricks were laid down in five minutes. The song, "Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime," went into the gold machine comes, became Dean Martin's theme song, and became known as the Beagle Boogie (The Beatles described the charm in 1963).

One studio session he decorated a Dean Martin recording session like this: a full orchestra has already been in and had laid down the music, Martin struts in on time, sings, changes the lyrics, scrambles a few words, and after half hour is bored and leaves. Most of Martin's albums are completed in two days, usually less.

Martin has not made an album since 1972. A \$5.5 million suit against MCA-labeled Warner Records has just been settled. Martin presented Warner with an album the company felt would not sell and chose not to release. Martin said and won. A new Dean Martin album will be released this month, and full recognition of his recent career is expected. Martin gets a \$150,000 guarantee for every record he releases, plus royalties. In an interview in March, years ago, Martin said, "I'm no singer. I can carry a tune and I don't sing any style. But we choose not to be because we're fairly paranoid."

Mort Viner calls Dean has stopped

The Martin roasts are called the last of live television. As to that, they're the biggest fraud going.

way to blow for a "well deserved" victory. From what, I wonder? But he will open the new MGM Grand Hotel in Reno, and there is a good chance I will talk to him there. Viner says I make plans for Reno. Martin, a success on television and on records, is an even bigger success in nightclubs. He, perhaps more than anyone else, epitomizes the saloon singer. He has been playing Vegas for over thirty years in capacity crowds. In all this time he has missed two performances when his father died and when he had the flu.

The Ziegfeld Room in Reno is like the Ziegfeld Room in Vegas, and I have sent precisely on the stage. I order some wine. One hour later the wine arrives. The food follows shortly, so-called. It is sitting with an older couple from San Francisco and a middle-aged couple from Portland, Oregon. Dean is just past, says the woman from San Francisco, with a dreamy look in her eyes.

It is only thirty and there is a tap on my shoulder. Mort Viner. We go backstage to Martin's dressing room, a small, stuffy room with flowers, a well-stocked bar, and a television. The Room: Women in on Mack Gray and Ken Lane are there. Dean Martin finally arrives.

For a man of sixty-one, Martin has a great body and terrific hair, but his face is ravaged. It tells the tale of hard drinking, a fixed nose, a permanently split lip, and I see scars (evidence of plastic surgery?) under his eyes. His brown eyes are riveting. It is in his face, but sexy. He has a firm handshake and looks you squarely in the eye. Martin I have been told, is uncomfortable with women. He prefers the company of men. Men flatter. He moves around the dressing room. He shakes everyone and mixes himself a drink. "I'm supposed to be a drunk, right?" He takes a sip. "Ask me anything you want," he says. But before I can say anything, he begins to drink-somnolent. "I love nightclubs. I like hearing the laughter, and there are two ways to do the same thing differently. You can really cheat. He goes to the television and turns down the volume. "I like people. I love what I am doing and I love people on television. You know what men want to see me do on girls. You know why? I never sing to the girl. I figure that some guy is paying the bill and here I am singing to his girl, then he's going to get (frustrated) I don't (flirt) with the girls like Wayne Newton does. I sing

over their heads. This way, the guy comes back with his girl on." Martin smiles. "He comes back with a different girl."

"Yeah, I like what I'm doing, but if I had to do it all over again, I'd be a golf pro or play baseball. I love baseball. I need to work out with Leo Durocher. I played shortstop. What I do is easy for me. The hotel was good to me. When I left Jerry, everyone said, 'You can't walk out. I told you, but I was frightened to death. I had one job in Pittsburgh. I knew that when I was doing a picture with Jerry and singing some romantic song, the camera would pan to Jerry and a monkey. Jerry came to me one day and said he had written a movie and I was to play a cop. I said fine, but I hated auditions so I wanted to play a private detective. He said 'You'll play a cop.' That did it. I walked out. I played Pittsburgh and then I got a call from my agent about doing *The Young Doctor*. I got two hundred fifty thousand dollars to do a movie, and now I was being offered twenty-five, but it was a chance to work with Martin Breshers and Monty Cliff. I was excited."

I listen a lot. Always listen. I would say to Monty Cliff, "Talk to me. It is important in acting to be natural. Acting is really reaching. I pray for a moment, a good role. They offer all the good roles to the same five guys. I pray for a good role and I'm gonna get it." Viner sticks in his hand and says, "Show time!" and pulls me away from Martin and guides me back to my table. "Call me tonight, but I'll show after the show. Maybe you can spend some more time with Dean then."

Direct from the bar, the size of our show. Dean Martin. He struts onto the stage, with the ubiquitous cigarette and drink, to extend applause. The mike for working. It is loud. Martin says to Stan Lane on the piano, "How long I been on?" There we go with the same old stuff, but I find myself standing like a statue. "The Gentleman Is a Tramp." A heady round of applause. He turns to Lane, "I got time for one more." He makes jokes about the new hotel. Everything isn't quite ready yet. They asked me if I'd mind making my own bed. I said no. They handed me a hammer and some nails. "The joke doesn't work as response. Problem is that the audience has been involved in some kind of hotel scandal. Martin looks out to the audience and the three speakers. "How they expect you to work here? It looks like three goddamn trout came in on you. He says his drink. "Why they drink in an Empty Car?" He hasn't done anything. This joke is straight from the Jimmy Stewart road. Martin's timing is perfect. I begin to relax. Give myself over. He has the effect of a visual comedian in staying in the Rascal Welsh vein. "You can see this coming a mile away." He tells, just two knock-

Right. At sixty-one, Martin has a great body and terrific hair, but a ravaged face.



"Mr. Pines." As the fly buzzes over the monitor, "That's one way of looking at it." For the time Martin says, "Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime," he has a half-smile, his eyes are closed, and his hair is messy. He looks like a man who has been drinking. He doesn't matter if the jokes are tired or that he misses some notes and sings off-key. No one really expects Dean Martin to be perfect, anyway. As he finishes the song, he looks at the camera and says, "The champagne!" He starts a rocking version of "Lucky Old Sun" and waxes nostalgic the same late as sing Mick Jagger. He's not loud. Martin means to last, not to thrill audiences. Ken is second if he wants to be a singer.

Welcome to My World and This Alone... Martin is giving his fans exactly what they want. There are no surprises. "I want to tell you that Gene Campbell really is a country boy. We were out on tour together for two weeks. Buddy Hackett is so

dirty, my brother got up to leave.' He tumbles around some more, slurring and muttering up his words. 'My great friend and drinking buddy Joe H. Lewis says you're not drunk if you can lie on the floor without breaking on.' Don't believe it when they say carrots are good for your eyes. I stuck one in mine last night and it hurt.' 'I got hungry last night and went across the street to the store. 'Gut any ideas?' I asked. The guy says no. 'Got one sure?' If I had one, if I had dinner,

Maria settles herself on a stool, sips her drink, and does a medley of love songs. It is actually quite wonderful. When he sings "For the Good Times" it is hard not to get a really romantic feeling. I am getting tickled and I am a Bluegrass Spangster for. Women struggle with their husbands. There is a draining look at everyone's eyes. The room is silent, except for Dean. He gets up, waves his hand, and walks off. Dean Maria is a trash.

I head back to my room and call Matt Viner. "Did you like the show? He can't see you tonight, but definitely next week back in L.A."

Dino Crocetti was born in Starchville, Ohio, on June 17, 1947, the son of a barber who made fifty dollars a week. Dino was baptized in St. Anthony's Church. Starchville was a wide-open, brawling, barroom town. Dino dropped out of school at the tenth grade and worked at odd jobs around town—pumping gas, being a bell boy at a steel mill. At fifteen, he weighed 135 pounds and had fought in fifteen fights, killed as Red Crockett. As a result, Martin has a permanently split lip, a hoarse nose, and broken hands. To this day Martin shows off his mangled hands.

He went on to deliver beefing beef, eventually graduating to dealing poker, handling the sack as croquet, and playing the bank at blackjack. He was earning about \$100 a week, more than twice what

Martin will not ride in elevators. He is convinced he will die in one. He is petrified of hospitals.

his father made. All the while, Dino was singing, at Walker's Cafe—and in the shower and for friends. At twenty-four, he made up his mind to become a singer, quit his job, took a pay cut, and signed up as a singer with the Swamp Walkers. Orchers.

He was being paid fifty dollars a week. A few years and other jobs went by, and he struck out on his own and Spivey was making as much as \$300 a week singing at second rate clubs across the country. Along the way, he married a woman from Pennsylvania, Beira MacDonald.

In 1945, at the Club 500 in Atlantic City, Deen found himself stuck with a comedian with a hip-sprink record at the Club. The club owner suggested the two pool their talents. The first night, they bombed. The next night, Deen, Crocker and Joseph Levitch roared inside their prepared material and ad-libbed "Murphy and Lewis" was born. They were to become the biggest thing in the country. Deen, the

perfect straight man to the frantic Jerry. They went to Hollywood and played at Elgin's Minsk's and were a hit. They were introduced on television by Ed Sullivan. Dean was sending on the records and quickly dying on the outside. Lewis was the perfectionist, the workaholic. Martin was Martin: more interested in golf. Ten years after the date in Atlantic City, Martin and Lewis were getting \$10,000 a night in theaters, \$25,000 a week in Vegas, owning \$2 million a year.

In 1966, Martin left and started over. With Mack Gray and Ken Lane on pens, he went back to the clubs, like the Twin Coaches in Pittsburgh and the Meadow

break came in Las Vegas when he hooked up with Frank Sinatra, Joey Bishop, Pat Lawford, and Sammy Davis Jr. in what was called the Club or the Rat Pack. The group was billed as The Summit Meeting. Martin was a hit. He just hung back while the others did their thing and then destroyed them with a song, bringing the house down.

Meanwhile, his first marriage had ended in 1949. He was awarded custody of his four children and married Orange Ruff Queen Jennie Rotzger in 1950. She raised his four children and bore him three more. Martin and Jennie were divorced in 1973, and he married a receptionist, Catherine Hawn. The marriage was a disaster and, by all accounts, she took him to the cleaners. Martin has been

linked with many women since. Her current fraud is actress Rhylie Davis.

There is a story, apocryphal perhaps, that when Bruce Martin was making a point, one of his convicts, Helen Hayes, called Alfred Law: "Lust answered and told her he would have to call her back. About an hour later, Lust called and said, 'Sorry for the delay, but I was watching the Bruce Martin Show and he is one of the greatest actors I've ever seen.'"

Which brings us to the fourth part of Mann's career moment. He has made forty-eight films, starring in almost all. He made sixteen films with Lewis. Deen was handsome. Jerry mugged. There was a feeling of want in the period that Deen, the drink, was missing a first role.

The first film he made without Jerry was *Ten Thousand Bedrooms* with Anna Magna Alberghetti. It was a waste of time in every sense. Then came *The Young Lion* and *Some Come Running* with Frank Sinatra, *Am Breve* with John Wayne, *Conquer* with Tony Franciosa

That's where the junk where Marvin usually played himself. Movies about blaxins. They are a challenge. They demand great attention and work.

His eyes have said him down the river... says it close behind. Another friend agrees: "Dean wants a good music role. One where he doesn't have to wear a turtleneck. His agents should get some cool ideas. Dean is not going to go as a DJ. He's not going to do an act and then turn around and say, 'I'm not doing that.' He's serious with a good deal, even a minor one, or move off the wall, I think he would do it. Everybody around Dean is in compliance. It seems to be. He does not say no unless money makes sense for everyone."

Next Winter calls Dean in as Patrice Spornis wearing at Frank's. He needed to call after this week in Reno. "There's been a lot of talk about you," she says. "You're called all sorts of things. I call him the

He doesn't. Perhaps he has a phobia about the telephone. Dean Martin seems to have a phobia about a lot of things. This laid-back, easygoing, devil-may-care guy who's only in it for the laughs will not ride in elevators. He is convinced he will die in one. He walks up eight flights of stairs to his dentist. Cuffs are on his chest to reassure Martin a room no higher than the fourth floor of any hotel. He is paranoid of funerals and hospitals. His ex-wife Jeanne was in a hospital, once ill, for forty days, and Martin could not leave her side.

Maybe that's why all Dean Martin does is play golf, watch television, go out to restaurants, and be in bed early. He's afraid to do anything else. Most Viewers call: Martin is on his way back to L.A. from Palm Springs and will see me this afternoon. He doesn't. ☐



On and Off The Court

Fashion by Max Evans
Photographs by Burt Glinn

He's young, he's flashy, he's rich. The place of the moment is La Rabia, a Madison Avenue lounge, where—if you're Victor Gerasimov—the world's fifty-ranked male tennis player, twenty-three, and single—making a date with a pretty New York model is an uncomplicated as hitting an overhead smash. An unabashed clothes lover, Gerasimov is typical of a new generation of men who want to look good and still be comfortable. He's aware of his image and likes styles that are loose and easy, clothes that free the body for action. This accelerated double-breasted cotton blazer (E65), for instance, is worn with a cotton T-shirt undershirt (E35). It's treated with extra cotton slacks (E35). They're all by Jean-Paul Gervais, and can be found at Jean-Paul Gervais, 220 E. 68 St., New York; Dyer for Men, 41 E. Oak St., Chicago; David Stephen, 117 Post St., San Francisco.

On and Off The Court

Fashion by Max Evans
Photographs by Burt Glinn

His name is Ray, he is a Dashy, he is a Dash. The place of the moment is Los Angeles, in a modern Avenue house, where of yore Vivian Geraniums—the world's 1975-ranked cutie-miss playgirl, twenty-three, and single—making a star with a pretty New York mod in an uncut diamond ring, is the only one of the Geraniums who has abandoned clothes. Geraniums is typical of a new generation of men who want to look good and will be fashionable. He's aware of his image and likes styles that are loose and easy, clothes that fit the body's form. This constructed double-breasted center blazer (\$365), for instance, is worn with a cotton T-shirt underneath (also \$35). It's a good idea to keep a few of these items in your closet. By Juan-Paul Geraniums, who can be found at West Coast Mens, 120 E. 68 St., New York; Devo for Men, 41 E. Oak St., Chicago; David D'Aquila, 17 Post St., San Francisco.



For the leading male player in World Junior Tennis, now in his first year with the New York Agiles, a tennis date is the obvious way of showing off to best advantage. On court his business clothes are no-nonsense: the cotton shirt (324), the polyester-and-cotton shorts (342), and the clavicular wood runner (345), see by Sergio Tordani. They're available at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Robinson's, Los Angeles; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.



After an easy match, Connolly relaxes in gear as comfortable and easy to wear as sportswear: no fads, no tricks, just good-looking clothes. An unlined cotton jacket in open-weave mesh knit (5149), tops a cobby silk-lined cotton T-shirt (333), and cotton-velvet slacks (376). By Bill Kaserman for Radco, they're available at Tyrone, 76 Spring St., Cohasset, N.Y.; Holland Ltd., 387 Broadway St., San Antonio; Alaudes, 808 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles.



When partying is your favorite form of mixed doubles, Regan's, offering dinner and disco until dawn, is a second. Wear's double-breasted cashmere jacket by Dorsai of Italy (5386), is catering. Easy, vestless, it's fine with a silk band-collar shirt (5122), a scarf replacing the tie that's usually de rigueur at Regan's. At Wilkes Bookford, 334 Sutter St., San Francisco, Ukiano, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago; Seivas, 38-508 Chagrin Blvd., Woodmere, Ohio.



Wednesday may be just a few days away, but tonight is not the time to think about that. Judging by that cozy wine, this is not a suffering from pregame pitters. His full-on linen pillow for Giorgio Armani is cool and uncomplicated, calling for a certain sensibleness in the evening. It's \$35 at Barney's, 113 Seventh Ave., New York, Lough, 670 Bayberry St. Bayview: Wilkes Barre, 536 Butler St., San Francisco.

Surviving a Beach House



by Bruce Jay Friedman

Everybody needs fresh air, sunshine, and a chance to get away from it all. The way to accomplish all that is to take an old-fashioned vacation at the beach. Some of you neurotically types who have tried the beach will scoff at the idea. You remember standing on the shore, staring at the horizon, and getting a desperate feeling in your stomach when you realized you were going to become part of *The Great Beyond*. The mistake you made was in assuming it was going to happen that very minute. Sure, you'll eventually have to join *The Great Beyond*. That's part of the package. But it might not happen until Labor Day. Or, who knows, maybe not for a season or two. Meanwhile, you should have refused and had fun at the beach.

The way to pull that off is to abide by a few guiding principles.

Forget about how much it's costing you. Beach vacations have crept up in price since you were a kid, and now cost a fortune. Only rarely can you handle them comfortably. Anybody who shells out that kind of money will feel a certain pressure to run around like a madman, trying to live for every second of the day. Since there isn't a whole hell of a lot to do at the beach (the whole idea of the beach is that there's nothing to do there), a conflict may arise, causing distress and vomiting. Now, what's the point of having to be down back from an expensive vacation, a whelped and dejected man, as a result of worrying about all the money you spent on it? Aren't you better off putting the money out of your mind and getting back about it later?

Go with the body you have. When you find out you're going to the beach, your first impulse will be to make a desperate last-ditch try for a new body, possibly by doing heavy squats in a nearby gym. This

Bruce Jay Friedman is the author of the forthcoming *Louise Gae: A Book of Life*, parts of which first appeared in *Esquire*.

It's beach house time again. Is your mind right? Is your head straight? Are you ready?

is ridiculous. By the time you make a dent in your fat, it will be September, time to go home. A better idea is to Go With the Body You Have. And go the first with it, too. That means packing around in a bikini, putting your body on proud display instead of hiding it in terrific shorts. The first one to adapt this style is no international scale was the great film director Roberto Rossellini, in the surreal moment of Jewish mothers through-out the land, who said, "Look at that aspect [astonish]!" But he was Ingrid Bergman, puppy and all.

Never trip on a person's dune. A dune is a beach person's sacred and sacred possession. It's what keeps his house and his children and the whole beach from blowing out to sea and washing up in Mexico. Rip a person's dune, and he'll show his entire personality if you meet, but only away from his dune.

The House You Live In

"A few houses in?" The thing about a beach house is that it's either on the beach or it isn't. You don't get any points for being "just off the beach" or "a few houses in." The fellow who is "a short jog away" is in the same boat as someone who has to be brought in by a Conestoga. Neither one is on the beach. A fellow explaining how close to the beach he is is like a novelist telling everyone how much they love his book in England. As a practical matter, make sure you are close enough to the beach so that you actually get there once in a while. You don't want

to be telling them on your porch, questioning returning travelers about the beach. Not that covers about the beach would be bad. What you would get this is the Myth of the Beach, which might be better than the beach itself. (The beach is a version of Alabama, a place he had never seen. But at these prices, you really should get a taste of the actual beach.)

The beautiful security deposit. Even houses that are far from the beach are terribly expensive because of the beautiful security deposit, the worst thing a beach vacation. That's a huge sum of money paid to the homeowner in case you smash up his house. If you don't smash it up, you're supposed to get the money back, which, of course, is laughable. Beach houses are specially made to look sturdy and rocklike upon examination and to fall apart at the touch the second you move in. Many were built by the same fellows who construct false buildings for Hollywood sets. A second policy is to kiss the Security Deposit good-bye, to consider part of the rental fee and not spend the whole summer planning the fortnight you're going to have with the owner when he's not in town.

The summer of cleaning. Even though a beach house will collapse when you look at it too hard, it will be handed over in spotless condition, with a stern warning that it must be just as clean when it's handed back. A lot of guys get sick about this and start cleaning the second they move in. This is ridiculous. Even if you treaded in between of cleaning ladies and had them working around the house, you would never get the house clean enough to suit your Security Deposit. So relax about this one, too. You're not out there with a clean. Do you want to remember your vacation as the Summer of Cleaning? Of course not. Enjoy the beach, and on the day you leave, tidy up and get the hell out of there as fast as possible.

The bargain in garbage disposal. The only thing that's cheap at the beach is garbage disposal. It's as if all the beach

Are You a \$40,000 Flop?

If you're only earning your age, you're headed for the executive junkyard

Born before 1947? If you are not earning at least \$30,000 a year, you are a flop! If you are, and will never make it to the executive suite.

If you were born before 1950, better make that \$40,000. If you were born before the war and are not in the high fifty thousands by now, you might as well resign yourself to a bleak rest of business because in the corporate world, you are a flop.

Though technically illegal (since it amounts to discrimination on the basis of age), the "age-wage" rule is one of the most important guidelines for top corporate jobs. A few years ago, the rule of thumb was that up until about age forty, you should be "earning your age"—about \$1,000 for every chronological year. At thirty, for example, a salary of \$30,000 a year would be high enough to turn headhunters' heads. And as we all know, headhunters—who are paid by corporate clients to find the best talent—have the best jobs to offer. So if you're coming out of law and business schools commanding twenty-six thousand a year, the message is: it's really only valid for the one-and-a-half year," says Tom Noll, who is a senior vice-president of Spencer Stuart Associates.

"After thirty, the rule changes somewhat, and by forty, a candidate should really be making one and a half times his age. For the fifty-year-old, it's double, triple, or even four times that."

Your salary isn't the only beach mark headhunters use, of course, but it accounts to the last. The theory is that if you're a "responder" who is on a fast track, your salary will be a true indicator. Note that is true regardless of the industry in which you live. While salaries vary widely among the less-than-top jobs found in field, chief executives and their close advisers tend to earn pretty much the same, regardless of the business the company is in. For some importance, that the industry is the size of the corporation.

In addition to a good salary, headhunters (who detect that applicants) will tell



you that there are other ways to attract their attention. Getting published, making speeches, achieving notoriety in your industry or trade association, or even attracting attention outside your industry (via sports, public relations, etc.) can all simply bring good contacts who are quick to pass along a recommendation for you and their firm.

But the truth is, in a lot of cases there is little you can do to influence a headhunter if you don't fit any specific position he is trying to fill.

To take a modern example, I have never had a headhunter call me in my life. And I know a lot of that's because of being written about executive search (that's the standard term they prefer).

The trouble is, you see, I am a journalist and publishers do not normally go out and spend for me typically 30 percent of the day's first-year salary just to have someone. The world of journalism is a village. A street editor can sniff out a native publication from remote with a dozen phone calls and we make \$30 weekly rates.

According to William Lang, vice-president of Russell Reynolds Associates Inc., there are some professionals whom headhunters never have occasion to call. Chartered accountants, lawyers, and engineers are ignored. Manual laborers, hairdressers, retail technical companies, and contractors know more about

where the talent is than professional executives.

One of the headhunters never calls you, it just may be that you are too specialized for him (or her) to bother.

What if you do get a call from a headhunter? How should you react?

The answer is when you handle that initial call can tell your chances for the job, but it will not guarantee you anything more than a follow-up interview.

First of all, make sure that you are dealing with a headhunter and not a "job consulting" firm or a personal agency seeking for prospects. If the "recruiter" mentions a fee (and up to \$10,000) for finding a job, that's a red flag. If the company is, of course, paid by the hiring company—not the hirings.

It doesn't pay to be one with the recruiter over the phone. These people live on what the phone and direct find out about the job, what it pays, why it's open, how long it has been open, how long the previous person was there, and why he or she left. That much is considered fair. You won't be told the state of the company at that point, but you should get a good job description.

On your end, the salary will expect to find that your expected base salary (don't be greedy—both parties will do) your good position to release if it is necessary, and what it would take for you to change jobs. (Again, don't be too specific. A lot can be negotiated.)

It doesn't pay to follow up with an

interview if you really are not interested in a job change. It wastes your time and the recruiter's, and you could lose a potential source for future positions.

The market for executive positions right now is strong—but won't remain so. Compared to a year ago, there are a lot of middle- and upper-management jobs being offered (see table below), but the outlook for the next year or so is cloudy.

We think demand will flatten toward the end of the year and stay down through about 1990," says Lester Korn, president of Korn/Ferry International. "The downturn is apparent—especially for sales and marketing professions—a far larger of a bad economic climate."

Korn sees certain industries remaining strong, however, including financial services such as commercial banks and insurance companies. Likewise, the energy and petrochemical industries, entertainment and leisure, and, to a lesser degree, manufacturing and real estate areas. There is already a downturn, he says, in the consumer products and electronics industries.

Long of Russell Reynolds also sees a lot of current demand for talent in the communications industry—especially the cable TV field and public relations. He adds that in the energy business, he sees a lot of enough talent willing to go to the Middle East.

Peter Schuler, senior vice-president with Hayden Associates Inc., agrees with these general trends, but he also finds demand high for executives in the transportation and publishing areas.

As for the future, he offers a plenty of mixed charts going on at the very top—presidents and general managers.

"We once paid the president of an automobile company," notes Frank Farrell, vice-president with the firm, "a two percent raise."

"Traditionally, that is an industry that has shored down its own recruiting. One thing that is making top executives stay these days is the Carter Administration's attempt to get industry to curtail salary increases for upper-level executives. Rather than accept small increases—such as the 5 percent that A.T.E.C. General Motors, Aetna, and Time Inc. have voluntarily adopted—a lot of top-level

people are looking elsewhere. Accordingly, Tom Noll says that senior management compensation across the board jumped 12.4 percent during 1977. Boyden indicates that the volume of chief executives is placed during this year rose as much as 24 percent.

For companies offering top executives compensation increases equal to those available from changing positions," says Carl Mann, Boyden's president. "It would be unfortunate if these salary-inflationary moves by major companies result in higher top-management turnover," he adds.

If the headhunters don't come after you, you can always seek them out. But don't expect them to do hand-picking. "Remember that executive recruiters are paid by management and must be so oriented," notes Jim Kennedy, publisher of *Compensation News*. "They interview except with a specific job in mind, and must do not over acknowledge resumes. If you're lucky enough to have qualifications matching a recruiter's current assignment, however, the road to an interview can be almost instantaneous."

Kennedy adds three questions to consider:

□ Don't telephone to follow up. This is a waste of your time and an annoyance to the recruiter.

□ Don't walk in and expect an interview.

□ Don't attempt to find out pay or present or expected salary level. These experts have a way of getting in on the truth.

While these restrictions do fly away in time, most do not do so until after making it the best of if you are still in the market.

A comprehensive directory of executive recruiters throughout the country is available from Consultants Now, 7400 Pine Road, Potomac, MD 20854. The price is \$30, prepaid. An alternate source edition is available for \$10.

Note: For an additional dollar, you can get from the same source, *How to Survive & Thrive* and *Enter Job*, by William H. Gerding. It offers advice on covering letters, résumés, and meetings to potential employers.

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| Finance | +13 | +38 | +20% |
| Operations | -43 | -38 | -30 |
| Marketing and Sales | -53 | +27 | +34% |
| Engineering and Science | +90 | +44 | + |
| Personnel | -18 | +12% | + |
| Administration | -19 | -11 | + |

* Sample size small for manufacturing comparison
Source: Arthur Young & Co. (based on data for executives)

Bombay: The gentle gin. Imported from England.

Practical Pyramid

A freestanding structure offers needed privacy in a large open space

Photography by Suzanne Slesin



On the inside, designer Peter Staroberg

The pyramid structure looks simple enough, sitting there all white and serene in the middle of the 1,000-square-foot loft. But it took furniture designer Peter Staroberg and a friend, wood craftsman Michael Thiele, over two years to plan it. They matched its proportions to those of the Great Pyramid but varied its orientation. "I felt that strange things might happen if we oriented it to the true north," says Staroberg. Anyway, this was to be a personal pyramid. Staroberg needed a separate bedroom in the huge loft, and the

tepee-like structure gave him a semi-enclosed space without solid walls. The ten-and-a-half-foot-high pyramid, with its 60-degree fabric-draped base, was made by attaching a fabric used for stage sets to wooden frames. The four triangular sides are connected with piano hinges, and all the joints are bolted and glued together. Materials cost about \$100. There is also an extra feature: "When it's cold out, it's warmer in the pyramid; when it's hot out, it's cooler inside—a mystery," says Staroberg, but I'm not complaining." **ST**

Exterior view: The sturdy, portable, fabric-clad pyramid lets natural light in during the daytime and blocks from within at night.



Just Relax Indoor/outdoor lounge has a rolling frame, cotton cord sling, and thick padded mattress, which comes in bays, as shown, or natural. Made in West Germany, the lounge measures 144 by 22½ by 43½ inches when assembled. It's \$623 (plus shipping charges, which are charged collect) from Galsky's Contemporary Collection, PO Box 11723, Austin, TX 78755.

Unattached Staroberg's home headphones operate wirelessly via an LED infrared transmitter that is hooked directly to your receiver or amplifier. They list at \$899. Specular Audio Research, 505 Madison Ave., New York; G&H Customs House, 8723 W 91 St., Palmdale, CA; Peris Electronics, 638 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.



Good Leverage Professional stainless steel juice extractor with a crank handle is efficient in with an orange-slicing. The unit is \$185 (add \$5 for shipping) from Manhattan Ad Hoc Homewares, 342 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017.



Good Ticks The Italian Mafegal ice cream maker comes out a quart of ice cream, sorbet, or Italian ice in about fifteen minutes. It's 18 by 14 by 17 inches and is \$899 (shipping) from Wilkerson-Suzanne, PO Box 3792, San Francisco, CA 94119.

Bathing Beauty Marten beach towel is as cute as Helen Marten. About \$39 at Fleety's, Irvine; National Music, Dallas; Marshall Field, Chicago; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.



Light Up Your Life This trim and smooth chrome copper lighter will stay lit for hours. Made of shiny copper, it has a removable cap and can be ordered by mail for \$12 (plus \$2 for a monogram from the Ibis brand Company, Seventh Street Railroad Station, Parkville, Pa. 19144).



Great Image The portrait of Gary Cooper above is one of the photographs of Hollywood stars assembled by John Englebert in his new book, *The G.P. Edition*, back in \$14.95 at major bookstores.

Deep Flicks Razer's underwater binoculars for Super 8 movie cameras slide, allows distance from 10 to 100 feet. \$225.99. Allen Camera Shop, 866 Third Ave., New York; Coastal Camera Company, 231 E. Wacker Ave., Chicago; Lot-Mat Camera Exchange, 233 S. Lake Ave., Pasadena, Calif.



On the Sunny Side The pocket calculator at left never needs batteries because it operates on solar cells that are recharged when exposed to direct sunlight or any other light source. \$49.95 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Rader's, Adams; Singer-Harris, Dallas; Hudson's, Detroit.

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Scenes from Real Life: A Cocktail Party*



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